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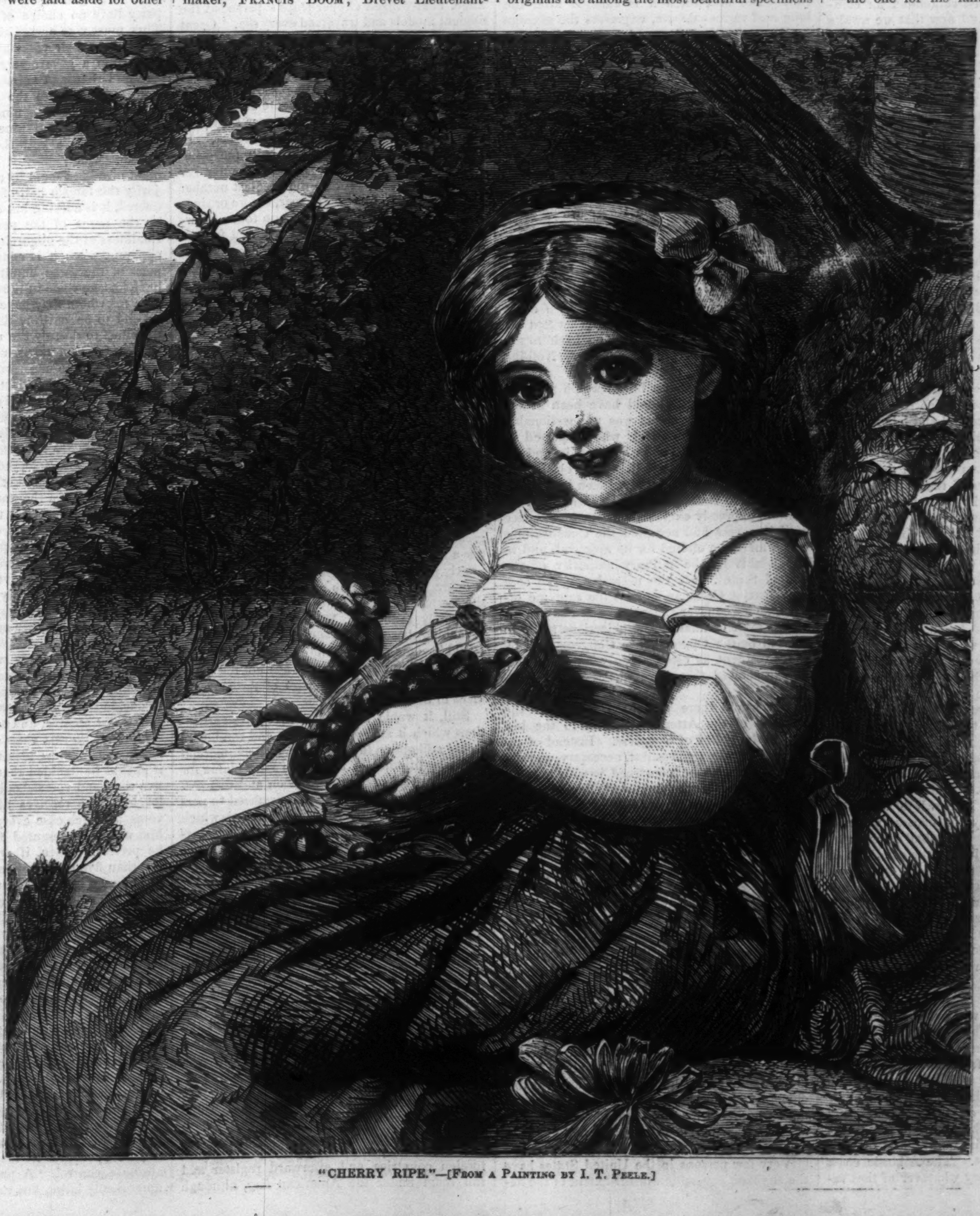
"CHERRY RIPE."

THE title of the accompanying picture will recall to many of our readers the exquisite little lyric of the same name by ROBERT HERRICK, in which he has so happily mingled his rich fancy and natural feeling:

> Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
> Full and fair ones—come and buy;
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow?—I answer, There,
> Where my Julia's lips do smile—
> There's the land, or cherry-isle,
> Whose plantations fully show
> All the year where cherries grow.

For nearly a century and a half after his death HERRICK's poems were neglected; about twenty-five years ago they suddenly became exceedingly popular, and "Cherry Ripe," "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may," and others of his shorter songs, set to music, were sung nightly in the parlors and theatres of England and this country. Then again they were laid aside for other temporarily popular songs, but there is no banishing them forever, and the present generation of musicians and artists seem disposed to revive them again. I. T. PEELE, a young artist of England, has employed himself in illustrating the more popular of HERRICK's songs; and our engraving is from his picture in the British Institution.



"CHERRY RIPE."—[FROM A PAINTING BY I. T. PEELE.]

THE FRIGATE "FRANKLIN."

WE devote pages 456 and 457 of this number of the *Weekly* to the illustration of scenes which we witnessed on Admiral FARRAGUT's Flag-ship, the *Franklin*, just previous to her departure for Europe. The Admiral goes to assume command of the European squadron. He will be absent from the country probably a year. He carries with him the renown of the American flag and his own national fame—an ample guarantee of the good-will and respect of the civilized world. He has sailed in one of the finest wooden vessels ever built, and one that in size, symmetry of proportions, thorough workmanship, and magnificence of appointment, is entirely worthy of her position as the flag-ship of the fighting admiral of the American navy. She is a screw frigate of 3684 tons, and carries 48 guns. She was built about 15 years ago, at Portsmouth, and made a cruise to the Pacific. During the war she was for some reason allowed to lie idle on the stocks at Boston. On the conclusion of the war she was remodeled and furnished in the magnificent style described for the purpose to which she is now devoted.

The scenes which we give will fully illustrate the more interesting features of the vessel. A fine portrait of the Admiral and portraits of his subordinate officers will add to the value of the picture with the majority of our readers. The list of her officers embraces some of the most renowned names in our naval history. The following are the names of the officers attached to the *Franklin:* Captain, A. M. PENNOCK; Lieutenant-Commander and Executive Officer, ED. E. POTTER; Lieutenant-Commander, A. P. COOKE, Navigating and Ordnance Officer; Lieutenant-Commanders, H. D. MANLEY, J. H. ROWLAND, and FRED. PEARSON; Lieutenants GEORGE W. COFFIN and W. B. HOFF; Ensign, E. L. AMORY; Midshipman, S. N. KANE; Fleet Captain, W. E. LEROY; Commander, J. W. SHIRK; Surgeon, J. M. FOLTZ; Passed Assistant-Surgeon, D. R. BANNAN; Assistant-Surgeon, R. REDINGTON; Paymaster, J. O. BRADFORD; Chaplain, J. S. WALLACE; Boatswain, P. J. MILLER; Gunner, A. F. THOMPSON; Carpenter, W. D. JENKINS; Sailmaker, FRANCIS BOOM; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HEYWOOD, U.S.N.; Second Lieutenant, M. C. GOODRELL, U.S.N.: Chief Engineer, JOHN W. MOORE; First Assistant-Engineer, GEORGE P. HUNT; Second Assistant-Engineers, G. W. STIMERS, W. L. WINDSOR, and H. L. SLOSSON; Acting Third Assistant-Engineers, W. B. BAYLEY, WM. H. PLATT, and JOHN H. BURCHMORE; Clerk to Fleet Captain, F. H. ELLISON; Clerks to Paymaster, GEORGE H. VERNON and EDWARD T. BRADFORD.

We also present a view of the vessel taken from the shore, showing her graceful outlines, and indicating her splendid proportions. A group of marines and another group of sailors will be found to be very interesting studies, while all lovers of sentiment will be touched by the picture of the parting scene between the old man-of-war's-man and his wife.

The elegant views forming this series were taken for us by means of the photographic art by ROCKWOOD, of 839 Broadway, New York; the originals are among the most beautiful specimens we have ever seen. Mr. ROCKWOOD has frequently of late furnished us with several views of great interest and merit, embracing not only outdoor scenes but portraits of distinguished men and copies of celebrated paintings and statuary. He has lately constructed a camera with which he will be able to take, on a single plate, a photograph twenty-six by forty-two inches in size—a feat not heretofore accomplished in this country.

SANTA ANNA AND MAXIMILIAN.

EX-RULERS are a commodity so very plentiful in Mexico that the people of that unfortunate and distracted country dispose of them as certain sportsmen kill birds—by shooting them in pairs. Last week we announced the shooting, on June 19, of Prince MAXIMILIAN: this week we have to record the execution, six days later, of the Ex-President General SANTA ANNA—the one for his failure to revolutionize the country, the other for proposing and planning the overthrow of the reigning party.

The particulars of the death of MAXIMILIAN, as far as known, have been briefly given in our news record in previous numbers. After his capture he was removed from Queretaro to San Luis Potosi, and informed that it was the intention of the Government to court-martial him. His trial began on June 13, and was brief, the decision being arrived at at midnight on June 14.—The principal charge brought against him was that of summarily executing prisoners of war captured by his troops, and a decree issued on October 3, 1865, was adduced in evidence as an order for such execution. The first clause of this decree recites that "all persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty even of the fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following the sentence." This cruel order was undoubtedly obeyed in many cases; and the charge and the specifications against MAXIMILIAN which were based on it were undoubtedly thought sufficient to condemn him. He was ordered to be shot within twenty-four hours, but President JUAREZ interfered and postponed the execution until 7 o'clock on June 19, when the sentence of the court was carried into effect. His last words were, "Poor CARLOTTA!" referring to his young wife, who has for some months been hopelessly insane at Miramer. Generals Mejia and Miramon were executed with the Prince. The other officers captured with him were sentenced to imprisonment—Colonels being remanded for six, Lieutenant-Colonels for five, and all others for two years. Among those imprisoned for the longer term is Prince Salm Salm, who was a Colonel in the volunteer service of the United States, and who claims citizenship here.

The full particulars of the execution of Santa Anna have not yet been received. We have before given accounts of his late intervention in Mexican affairs; his seizure by Commander Roe of the United States navy at Vera Cruz on the eve of a *pronunciamento* of the garrison of that place in his favor and the interests of the old Church party; his subsequent forcible detention on the steamer *Virginia*, and his apparent rescue at Sisal by the Liberal Commander. But this "rescue" now appears in the light of another capture. The steamer *Virginia*, although carrying the American flag, was surrounded by the armed boats of the Mexicans, and a body of armed men boarded her and removed the General to Sisal. He was subsequently taken to Campeche and shot. His execution was preceded by that of General Espejo, Imperial military commander of Calquisuini, Nicholas Govantes, Prefect of Campeche, and N. Ponce, Prefect of the Island of Carmen.

We give on page 461 accurate portraits of these unfortunate ex-rulers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 20, 1867.

THE WESTWARD COURSE OF EMPIRE.

THE speech of Mr. Seward at Annapolis was the only important speech he made during the late excursion. It is remarkable for describing the war as the result of what he evidently considers foolish and unnecessary disputes between the Atlantic States of the North and South, in which each contended for commercial supremacy. And now that we awake from this destructive contest, he says, we find that the West has assumed the empire of the country, and has sternly decided that it cares for neither of us. While New England is considering whether it will pay respect to the President of the United States, California and Russian America are pouring their riches into the treasury, and the Pacific coast is beginning to revolutionize the world; and it is more important that the Northern and Southern Atlantic States should reconcile their differences than that they should adopt the best Constitution ever dreamed by Plato or devised by Locke.

If this means that the tendency of political power is Westward it is indisputable, but not new. If it means that "the insane divisions of the East" are mere disputes in the ordinary sense of the word, then it is very plain that the orator of the "irrepressible conflict" speech at Rochester in 1858 was much wiser than the speaker at Annapolis in 1867. This Annapolis strain is that of the speech in the Senate, after the John Brown raid, in which the slave and free States were called capital and labor States, upon the principle, probably, that if you call asafœtida ashes of roses it will smell sweet. If Mr. Seward really supposes that the Northern and Southern States of the Atlantic coast are wantonly disputing he is very unfortunate. If he thinks he can persuade any body to believe it by vociferation he is very foolish.

The first thing that the situation demands is intelligence. What is the actual state of affairs? That is what we ought to ascertain—not what it is desirable it should be, nor what we wish it were. Somebody calls aloud for an era of good feeling. Amen. Is it to begin upon the part of people who insist that they are ground to the quick by a brutal tyranny, and who are supported in their view by the President? Is the possible election of Emerson Etheridge in Tennessee and the harrying of Union men that is sure to follow to be the dawn of that delightful era? There is nothing more intolerable than this flabby, pudgy talk about good feeling. There has been a terrible war and we have conquered. The vanquished naturally hate to own it. They will do what they can to avoid and delay the necessary consequences of that victory. We shall do what we can to confirm them. Is that the condition of an era of good feeling?

Now comes Mr. Seward and says that, while we quarrel, the West carries off the spoils. It is of vital necessity, he says, that we adjust and extinguish our differences lest the balance of trade and power shift to the West. That, we confess, does not alarm us very much. It is certainly a much less disastrous result than that the differences of the North and South should be extinguished without the security of the fruit of the war. The West is the child of the East. It is generous and daring. It believes in free labor and free men. These have, indeed, made it what it is. It sits in the lap of the continent, draining the whole country through the tributaries of its great river, and reaching to the sea by the Gulf and the Lakes and the Canals. It is the natural and inevitable final seat of empire. The Atlantic coast ought to have no jealousy whatever of that result. But the Atlantic coast should be jealous of liberty and its great safeguards to the end. And there can be and should be no repose upon that coast until those safeguards are secured every where and for every citizen. The contest for this result is not an "insane division." It is the highest proof of the moral and political sanity of the nation.

THE SUMMER SESSION.

It is very amusing to read the Copperhead comments upon any proposed action of Congress as compared with the actual result. If Congress were some fearful monster that might be expected at any moment to swallow the country bodily, these comments would not be different; and whatever its action, however moderate and reasonable, the air of horror upon the faces of the critics never disappears. The jest is perfect and exquisite when it is remembered that these same commentators revert to their own Democratic ascendency ten years ago, when the whole Government of the United States was prostituted to the demands of slavery, as the golden age of our politics.

The truth is, that Congress represents with remarkable fidelity the dominant sentiment of the country. Every individual, indeed, has his private opinion and theories of the situation, but there is a general current of thought as to what is expedient upon the whole. Both of these tendencies are represented in Congress. Every kind of opinion is expressed in every kind of rhetoric, but the final action is temperate and wise. If you listened to Mr. Stevens only or to Mr. James Brooks you would fear that the clash of extremes so antagonistic would be inevitably most perilous. If you heard, on the other hand, one of the temporizers only, you would be sure that the Union would be lost in a mush of compromise like a frigate in a quicksand. But it is neither Mr. Stevens, nor Mr. Brooks, nor the temporizers who shape the result. The law, when it is enacted after the long and various debate, expresses the average good sense of the dominant party.

It would be better, undoubtedly, if the opposition had a more numerous and an abler body of advocates. It is always desirable that a majority should feel at every turn its responsibility by feeling the force of the opposition. Then it carefully chooses its steps. It weighs and modifies its measures. It is admonished not by rhetorical objurgation but by stringent argument and appeal that it must justify its action to the country. Had there been a larger and stronger opposition in the House we doubt if there would have been a summer session, for the Reconstruction Bill would have been so matured that there could have been no doubt of its meaning. When a summer session of Congress was announced there was the burst of jeering from the critics of whom we spoke, as if every folly were to be perpetrated. But its first act was virtually to resolve to confine itself to the special duty of interpreting the law. Nothing could be more sensible.

It is surprising that a bill of which the purpose was so evident should have been in the least obscure. Its object was unquestionably understood by the Radicals who supported it, by the Conservatives who opposed it, and by the President who vetoed it. That object was to protect the rights of every citizen in the rebel States; to secure universal suffrage except to those expressly excluded; to keep the peace until Congress had accepted the Constitutions which might be offered for its approval, and to do all this by the military authority of the United States. By the necessity of the case the District Commander was the supreme officer, and whenever there was any conflict his action must be final. The objections made to the bill by the Opposition in Congress and by the President as establishing a military despotism showed that there was really no question.

Nor would there have been, except for the hostility of the Attorney-General to the law and to the policy of Congress. Instead of interpreting it by its manifest, necessary, and declared intention he construed it with nervous literalness. His opinion was an effort to smother the spirit by the letter. Congress, therefore, has assembled to subject the letter to the spirit. We trust that there may be no serious delay in so good a work, and that the session may be short and friendly.

COMMERCE AND SHIP-BUILDING.

When a maritime country like the United States possesses extraordinary facilities for constructing its own vessels, it is natural to suppose that activity in ship-building will be governed by activity in commerce. Such has always been the case until within the past five years; but now we have the strange anomaly of idle and deserted ship-yards and a largely increased carrying trade—an anomaly to be explained only by the humble admission that foreigners now do the business for us which we once transacted for ourselves, and that vessels are a cheaper purchase in foreign markets than at home!

Very few persons in the United States have the slightest conception of the extent of the decadence of these two most important branches of American industry. Indeed, public attention has scarcely been directed to it, either officially or through the press. It is high time it should be. Now the fact is no less startling than true, that the number of vessels constructed by the Colonies in 1765, a century ago, was vastly greater than during the twelve months just past—the total then being 389. We have not the figures for the current year, and do not need them. The true exhibit would be more deplorable than the estimate. We know that many yards are utterly tenantless, and that leading New England towns which have been famed for the amount of tonnage annually built by them, are in the same category with New York City, the universal silence of whose ship-yards is broken only at Green Point, where the steamers for the Pacific Mail Company are being constructed! Two-thirds of the tonnage of the country is in the hands of foreigners, and chiefly under the British flag. American commerce has diminished more than one-half since 1860, and foreign commerce increased in the same ratio. The published statement of the aggregate imports and exports in American bottoms for 1860 show a total valuation of $507,247,757; for 1866, only $330,141,463. In foreign bottoms the aggregate imports and exports for 1860 showed a valuation of $255,040,793; for 1866 they reached $668,925,085. Comparing the two named years together, American commerce has declined $177,106,294, and foreign commerce has increased $413,884,292! A comparative statement for the first three months of 1867 shows no improvement in tonnage, business, or ship-building.

The query comes up mournfully—where is that boasted supremacy of the seas which we denied to Britannia and claimed as our own so recently, after laborious and unceasing effort? The retrogression is almost as astounding as the rapid progress once made. American ambition and American success culminated when the huge, fleet-winged clipper-ships superseded the ancient models and traversed every sea. Great Britain conceded superiority in sailing-vessels to the Americans then, and turned her attention to a fuller development of steam appliances.

It is noteworthy that the increase in our commerce, as well as in the aggregate and average tonnage of the vessels built, has ever kept pace with the increase of the cotton product. In 1820, the average tonnage was ninety tons—before that, only fifty tons. In 1855 the number of vessels built was 2034—the greatest number ever constructed in a single year, before or since—with an average tonnage of 290 tons: showing the change in construction required for cotton transportation. It has been ascertained, by careful comparison of statistics for the past forty years, that a proportion of one ton to a bale of cotton has always existed, except when disturbed by extraordinary causes—for instance, the Irish famine in 1843, which occasioned an extra demand for shipping, for the transportation of grain; the Mexican War in 1846; and the emigration to California in 1852. All these carried the tonnage far beyond the regular cotton proportion. So did our late war, for there was little or no cotton to carry. But distressing depression has always followed these exceptions, and continued until the cotton proportion was resumed again. It is true that an inflated currency, stimulating speculation, has swelled the aggregate of our imports and exports to a large figure for the past four years; but the greater part of the business has been done under a foreign flag, while ship-building has been utterly prostrate. Under the theory advanced, it ought to revive again as soon as the ratio of the cotton product to the tonnage becomes materially reduced. With cotton crops approaching those of 1859–60, freighting business would become active, while ship-building would receive an impulse such as it has not felt since that created by the exigencies of the Government in the late war.

Still, it would not thrive under the restrictions which it suffers at present, and foreigners would still obtain the lion's share of commercial profits. Injudicious legislation is to blame for some share of present depression and distress. When the war closed, Congress refused to permit ship-owners to re-register their vessels which rebel privateers had driven for protection during the war to a foreign flag. By withholding this privilege, ship-owners were punished for their cowardice and selfishness, but the country feels the loss deep down in its purse as well; besides, American vessels under foreign register will not sell to-day for half their value. Many that have been offered here have been withdrawn and sent to foreign markets. This happens every day. Again, when ship-building would have naturally revived, after the war closed, Congress sprung a dead weight upon it by repealing the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces. War had made the resources of the Georgia and Florida forests unavailable, and the Provincial market was all that remained. Had Congress permitted lumber to continue to enter duty free our ship-yards would still be employed. Another serious impediment to commerce is seen in the fact that our merchants are not permitted to purchase vessels in foreign countries, and afterward register and sail them under the American flag, although they are desirous to do so, inasmuch as they can purchase vessels abroad for one-half what they cost here. High prices, high wages, exorbitant cost of materials, a burdensome tariff, political and industrial disorder down South, and injudicious restrictions, have nearly destroyed the commercial interests of which we so recently boasted. Our supremacy will not be regained until impediments are removed; but abundant cotton and grain crops will effect a great improvement.

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

Mr. Hale, of Essex County, has introduced a resolution in the New York Constitutional Convention upon a subject which is already beginning to excite great interest and curiosity, the representation of minorities. A better term is personal representation; for the object of the movement is not merely to give a smaller party a voice, but to secure to every individual a representative of his convictions. The subject was first fully considered and treated by Mr. Hare, a London barrister, in a work published ten years ago. It was adopted and defended by John Stuart Mill in his "Representative Government." It has been urged at various times during the last six or seven years, and with great intelligence and ability, in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Mill has lately spoken upon the subject in Parliament, and Mr. Croly of the New York *World* has written a brief paper in the *Galaxy*, in which he states the general principle of the reform, and presents some striking statistics. Mr. D. Dudley Field, in his suggestions toward the new Constitution, proposes a method to attain the same result.

At present, as we all know, we all belong to one of two great parties, and those parties are managed by an irresponsible and unscrupulous fraction. This fraction controls the caucus, manages the Convention, and dictates the nomination. The great body of the supporters of each party have no choice of candidates whatever. They must vote according to the State or practically lose their votes altogether. The result is that, in a government depending upon six hundred thousand voters, three hundred thousand and one have the absolute control; and the two hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine have no voice whatever. This we call the government of the people. But plainly it is merely the government of a bare majority; and if from that majority the female half of the population be deducted, it is nothing but an oligarchy governing by the name of the people. The exceeding smallness of the oligarchy becomes still further apparent when it is considered that the great mass of the three hundred thousand and one have had no voice in the selection of the candidate for whom they have voted. Nor can this be said to be entirely their own fault, because the effort to destroy the machinery of the controlling fraction takes, under our present system, more time and trouble than most voters can devote to the subject.

Mr. Hare's system is very elaborately explained by himself—so elaborately indeed that Mr. Bagchot laughingly objects that nobody can be perfectly sure that he understands it. Its general principle, however, is, that every voter shall vote a ticket graduated by preference. Thus, if a thousand votes are necessary to elect a representative the voter shall indicate for whom he wishes his vote to be first counted, and in case the requisite number for that candidate is already complete, to whom he would next prefer to give it, and so on. This method must necessarily lead in practice to a rather complex machinery, and it does not dispense with strict party organizations and nominations.

A simpler and more manageable plan which we have heard suggested, and which strikes radically at party conspiracy and tyranny, is to decide the minimum vote which a representative must receive, and to allow him, as a representative, to cast votes according to the number he gets. Thus, if in the State of New York it should be decided that a man who received five thousand votes should be a representative, let him who receives fifty thousand cast ten votes, in which case every person who votes for him will be represented by the candidate whom he prefers. Then, if any candidate receives less than five thousand, let him make them over to one who has already the requisite number, or to one who, with such an addition to his vote, would be elected. In this way those who voted for the candidate who did not get enough would not lose their votes, and would still be represented by some one of their own views; because the unelected candidate would make over his votes to one who sympathized with his opinions.

The simplicity and flexibility of such a system are evident. It makes the Government what it professes to be, an immediate expression of the popular will. It prevents also a monopolization of the Government by ignorance, or brutality, or superstition. In the city of New York, for instance, the great mass of the vote of this kind is cast for one party, and, of course, secures its majority and consequent absolute control. A part of the population, numerically large, but much below a majority, which is intelligent, honest, and peculiarly and in the best sense American and liberal, has no proportional voice, for it has actually almost no voice whatever in municipal affairs. The system of which we speak would tend at once to right this palpable wrong; not only in the obvious way we have already indicated, but by loosening the chains of party so that many a man who now votes for his regular party candidate, lest his party ascendency should be lost, would then vote for a candidate who was indeed in sympathy with him, but who was also honest and capable, which is not necessarily and always the case with strictly party candidates, nominated by a caucus.

We trust that Mr. HALE will urge his resolution in the Convention, even if the committee to which it was referred should not think the time ripe for such a reform. For it is the very reform of reforms in our politics. The corruption which preys upon our legislation and demoralizes the Commonwealth can in no other way be so effectually removed; and nowhere so appropriately as in the Convention could the case be stated. The Convention is a whispering gallery, and whatever of importance is said there reverberates through the State and the country.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

No recent event is more striking to those who are familiar with the history of the last thirty-five years than the banquet to Mr. GARRISON in London. It is not often that we see the general verdict upon a man so wholly reversed in his lifetime as in this instance. Within less than ten years Mr. GARRISON was generally regarded as a fanatic and incendiary, who was seeking a hopeless result by methods sure to ruin his country. It is now perfectly plain that his view of the situation was in the main entirely correct; that slavery was in its nature aggressive, and would destroy liberty upon this continent if it were not itself overthrown. His method was determined by his faith and character. A man of peace, he sought results by reason, and aimed to divide the Union in order to save it. Believing the Constitution constrained the whole country, by returning fugitive slaves, to connive at the perpetuity of the most monstrous crime against human nature, he denounced it as a Covenant with Death, and declared that it must be changed or repudiated. The nation has found that the Constitution was pleaded as the great authority of slavery and rebellion, and has cleansed it as Mr. GARRISON desired.

The long and incessant contest which he waged is the really vital chapter of our later history. His agency in the great revolution is often, indeed, indignantly questioned. No one man, we are told, is to be credited with the glorious work of national emancipation from the horrible despotism of the slave power. In a certain sense that is plainly true. So LUTHER alone did not establish Protestantism. JAMES OTIS, PATRICK HENRY, and SAM ADAMS alone did not make the Revolution. But the relation of LUTHER to Protestantism, and of OTIS and ADAMS to the Revolution, is not more conspicuous than that of Mr. GARRISON to Emancipation in the United States. The moral force which inspires a great reform, the unquailing tenacity which drives it forward, reside in smaller or larger masses of men; but among them are the few who are the historical types of that moral inspiration and that heroic persistence.

Mr. GARRISON relied for the anti-slavery reform upon the moral element. But how many of the party leaders, when slavery had become a distinct political issue, perpetually strove to eliminate that consideration, and to regard it as a wholly political or economical question. The logic of Mr. GARRISON's position was very troublesome. "If," it said, "slavery is so hideous a wrong, is it not as bad in South Carolina as it would be in Kansas?"

"Yes," was the answer; "but we have no authority over it in South Carolina; the Constitution protects it there."

"Very well," replied the Garrisonian logic. "If the Constitution protects a moral cancer which is constantly sapping the character of the country, strengthening itself and reducing our power of resistance, what must be the inevitable result?"

"Oh, we'll hem it in by free territory."

"But it will not yield without a blow, and every day we are morally weaker. It will choose its own time to strike."

"Oh! guess not."

The guessing not did not prevent the shot at the *Star of the West*; and the natural fruit of guessing not was the stupefaction of incredulity that followed. Thank Heaven that vanished, like a thick, smouldering smoke suddenly flashing into flame! but the long and tremendous struggle that followed only showed how deep and radical the power of slavery had become.

The war ended, and at the age of sixty Mr. GARRISON saw the great work of his life accomplished. Quietly withdrawing from the society over which he had so long presided, he knew that the work which remained was the work of one of the great political parties in the country, and not of a special association. Yet he emerged from the contest as poor as he went into it, and in retirement and ill health cheerfully devoted himself to work. But certain gentlemen who appreciated the devotion of his life to an object which must be an endless benefit to the country, resolved to save his later years from care, and a subscription has been begun, intended to reach only the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of it were presented to Mr. GARRISON upon the steamer when he lately sailed from Boston, and we sincerely hope the rest will await him upon his return. Meanwhile in England JOHN BRIGHT presides at the banquet in his honor, and the Duke of Argyle and Earl RUSSELL lend their honoring voices. We are sorry that Mr. ADAMS, in the reserved and cautious letter which he is reported to have sent, did not represent his country. He has been so long away, however, that he may be pardoned for not fully comprehending the marvelous changes of the time. Slavery is abolished; the Constitution forbids it; the slaves are citizens, and will soon be voters. They will honor many names among their white fellows. But the two which will pass into the fond and pious tradition of their race will be the names of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MAXIMILIAN.

THE French and Austrian empire in Mexico has come to the end which was inevitable from the morning at Appomattox Court House. LOUIS NAPOLEON's sublime design of advancing the fortunes of the Latin race was wholly contingent upon the event of our war, which he had entirely miscalculated. Secretary SEWARD had wisely left the question simple. Without threatening he had been firm, and LOUIS NAPOLEON knew perfectly well that the Secretary's politeness meant merely that if we remained a nation France must leave this continent. Mr. SEWARD bowed LOUIS NAPOLEON out of Mexico, and his majesty departed with the loftiest phrases upon his tongue and the finest air of condescension. He told MAXIMILIAN to follow him. But the young man, however deluded he may have been by ambition, by the representations of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and by the urgency of his father-in-law, King LEOPOLD of Belgium, who was, we imagine, the one who originated the imperial conspiracy against Mexico, had a certain feeling of what he doubtless considered honor, which compelled him to remain true to the fortunes of those who had summoned him to Mexico until they were wholly ruined.

Ruined they now are, and finally. The young Austrian prince who, personally, seems to have been an amiable and mild man, has been put to death. The event, after the many intercessions in his favor, was unexpected, but it is not surprising; and in his grave is buried the last attempt of any European Power to meddle with arms in the politics of this continent. We say the event is not surprising. It could not have been so to MAXIMILIAN himself unless he were altogether less intelligent than his friends represent him. It is impossible that he should not have known that any man who undertakes to lead a party in another country during a civil war, and who depends for success upon the arms of still another power, if his party is defeated, and he falls into the hands of the victors, has less mercy to expect than a native leader might receive. But if, besides being a foreigner, he has ordered the summary execution of his adversaries taken in arms, his chances are much less. And if the country in which he tempts all these risks is Mexico, he has no right to expect that if he fights to the last against reason and against hope, he will escape the doom which he has awarded to others. When, therefore, MAXIMILIAN refused to withdraw with the French we have no doubt that he fully counted the cost and anticipated his fate.

Yet none the less do we regret it. However natural, however agreeable to precedent such a punishment may be, it weakens a country to inflict it. Mankind discriminate, and, we think, justly, between the deliberate murder of one man, for instance, and a battle in which many men are killed, with a general political intention, but without individual malice, by those who take the risk of being killed in turn. So, also, it distinguishes between such a foray as that of the Fenians into Canada, and participation by a foreigner in a civil war already engaged as it was in Mexico. We do not think it would have been wise to hang JEFFERSON DAVIS; and for the same reason, if the English Prince ALFRED had been elected the chief of the rebellion, and had been supported by French arms, and had fallen into our victorious hands as DAVIS did, we should not have advised his execution. Despicable obscurity tempts no man, but a death which seems heroic and illustrious invests the act which caused it with immense attraction. The fate of JEFFERSON DAVIS will make no American a rebel; that of ROBERT EMMETT has made thousands of Irishmen Fenians.

The Republican authorities of Mexico have judged differently, and their probable reasons must not be forgotten. They undoubtedly thought that if under any pretense whatever MAXIMILIAN escaped, the conclusion in Europe would have been, either that the Mexicans did not dare to harm a Prince, or that another might be more fortunate. But to shoot an Austrian Archduke after a court-martial like the commonest deserter would be a result about which there could be no sophistication. We must suppose also, that, among the ignorant and half barbarous population of the country, there was a clamor for the Prince's execution which would have questioned the loyalty of the authorities had they refused it.

So the Prince was shot. He was only thirty-five years old, amiable, accomplished, and his wife insane from the horrors of his position. Yet, while we pity him, let us also pity his victims—pity the other amiable and accomplished young men, who, but for him, would be living to-day. We will not judge him harshly. He has paid the penalty of his offenses, whatever they were. But when THIERS or JULES FAVRES again arraign LOUIS NAPOLEON, what a thunder-bolt in their hands the fate of MAXIMILIAN will be!

THE KENTUCKY MEMBERS.

IN the reference to the Election Committee of the credentials of the Kentucky representatives the House acted with common-sense. Mr. BINGHAM said that when a person offers credentials under the great seal of a State he is entitled to admission unless specific objection were made. Mr. BOUTWELL took substantially the same ground, and the House ordered the reference, except in the case of one representative who had served in the National army.

Of Mr. JAMES BROOKS's eulogy of the loyalty of Kentucky it is enough to say, that if every other State had been loyal in the same way the rebellion would have unquestionably succeeded. And it is for that reason especially that when any man presents himself as a representative from Kentucky, and objection is made upon the ground of disloyalty, there should be the most careful inquiry into the facts. There is indeed a presumption against the loyalty of every man who is elected by a great Democratic majority in Kentucky; and the presumption is based upon the fact that Kentucky contributed about as many of her voting class to the rebel army as to ours, and that the rebel sympathizers and soldiers were of the Democratic party. Moreover, the general character of the candidates chosen by that party at the last election is notorious. They were not selected for fidelity to the Union. They were intentionally taken from among those who if not open rebels were acceptable to those who were. It was in Kentucky as it is in Tennessee. The open, known, conspicuous, devoted friends of the Union, supporters of the war and of Congress during and since the war, are upon one side; the opponents of the war, the known rebels and their supporters, those who deny that slavery is abolished, and who openly honor the rebel chiefs and scoff at President LINCOLN, are upon the other side, and that the Democratic. Facts in themselves unimportant like the last become, taken with others, of the utmost significance.

Congress would be lacking in the commonsense which every capable man shows in the conduct of his private affairs if in the present situation of the country it did not receive every representative from such a constituency with suspicion. If there were no objection urged from the State itself it would not indeed be wise to act upon a presumption; but if there were distinct charges they should be most rigorously examined.

METALLIC ACCUMULATION IN THE EARTH.

IN a work of real value on the subject of the precious metals, written several years since in England by Mr. Jacobs, the suggestion is thrown out that it is possible that gold, silver, copper, iron, etc., actually reaccumulate in certain localities, under the potent influence of a law not yet discovered. Such is the loss of coined metals in this and all the commercial countries of Europe, by mere friction of pieces in the pocket, and in packing, repacking, and by transportation, as to amount to a startling sum, in the aggregate, in a single year.

A grave question is this: what becomes of it? The nicest chemical researches into the composition of the soil where the major part thus lost by abrasion disappears, does not show the slightest trace of it. What becomes of the pins? That is an equally philosophical inquiry—made the more urgent when it is recollected that fourteen tons of brass wire is manufactured into pins in one town daily.

It seems, therefore, when the metals are reduced to impalpable atoms, as they are by use, they are transported by the atmosphere, where they are re-collected and re-consolidated. It is by no means an unscientific thought that such a movement of atoms may take place. Miners in gold regions re-sift the earth, after a year or two, which had every particle of gold washed out at first, because they say it grows again. Here is a hint, at least, for commencing some new train of investigations.

What an enormous quantity of iron decomposes and disappears annually, every where, if not protected against the disintegrating influence of air and water, which is not to be found where it disappeared; and the inquiry is pertinently philosophical—where does it go to?

Beyond a doubt all the metals are subjected to laws like all other elements. Their separation from their native localities, like burning coal, is but liberating a prisoner. After various phases above ground they wear out, and at last they diminish in volume and disappear; but they are not lost. In the course of ages they are re-conducted to regions that have the property of concentrating floating atoms, and again they are dug out of the rocks for the gratification of never-satisfied man.

Untold thousands of tons of gold and silver disappeared three thousand years ago, which may now be re-gathering in the Pacific mines or in the sands of Africa. All the iron ships will sail for unknown aerial ports at last, and, at some vastly distant epoch in the future history of the globe we inhabit, again be quarried, smelted, and fashioned for the use of our descendants when the world is further advanced in wisdom.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE adjourned session of the Fortieth Congress reassembled at the national capital July 3, a full quorum being present in both Houses. In the House a resolution, offered by Mr. Stevens, appointing a committee to inquire what legislation is necessary respecting reconstruction, was adopted. In the Senate, on July 5, a resolution that the business of the adjourned session should be confined to removing obstructions in the way of reconstruction was adopted. The new House committee of nine on reconstruction was appointed on July 5, Mr. Stevens being named as chairman, and on July 8 he reported a bill supplementary to the Reconstruction Act. It declares that that act made the Provisional Governments of the rebel States subordinate to the military authorities it created; authorizes the military commanders to suspend or remove State officers or to set aside any act of the State Governments when they shall deem it necessary, and explains the system of registration and the duties of civil courts. No vote on the bill had been reached when this number of our paper was sent to press. The thanks of the House were tendered to General Sheridan and all the District commanders except Ord.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The success in the approaching elections of the rebels in Tennessee depends of course on their ability to defeat the operation of the laws which enfranchise the negroes, and the contest is of the most exciting and animated character. Judge Gantt, Chairman of the "Conservative" Central Committee, recently addressed a circular to the County Courts, requesting them to appoint officers to hold the State election, assuming that the law giving them the power had not been repealed. On July 1 Governor Brownlow issued a proclamation declaring that the County Courts have no authority to act as requested, that the power to appoint officers to hold elections has been taken from them and conferred upon the Commissioners of Registration. He denounces the circular as seditious, wicked, and revolutionary, and warns the County Courts against acting on its advices, as they will lay themselves liable to punishment. He concludes by ordering General Cooper to dispose of the militia under his command so as to enforce the franchise law in its letter and spirit. A riot occurred at Franklin, Tennessee, on July 6, between the Brownlow and rebel parties, during which one white man was killed and eight wounded, and eight negroes injured.

A young freedman in Charleston has applied to Secretary Stanton for an appointment as cadet at West Point from South Carolina.

The negroes of Richmond, in caucus assembled, have decided to run colored candidates for Mayor and Councilmen.

General Sickles has postponed registration in his district until Congress shall have defined who may or may not register.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting-Governor of Montana Territory, was drowned at Fort Benton, on the 1st of July, by falling from the deck of a steamer into the water.

The reported new island in the Pacific has proved a delusion. There is no land within five hundred miles of the point designated.

The Atlantic telegraph company are to reduce their rates one-half after July 25. After that date a message of 20 words can be sent from New Orleans to London for $25. If, as the International Telegraph Company hope, the line to Cuba is finished by that date, Havana merchants will be in daily communication with London at a cost of about $1 40 per word.

FOREIGN NEWS.

JULY 1 was the day selected by the Emperor Napoleon for the distribution of the 18,500 prizes to the successful among the 60,000 exhibitors at the Paris Exposition. Seventeen thousand persons, representing every nation on earth, were assembled in the building. An orchestra of 1200 musicians discoursed music written for the occasion and performed on every known instrument. Napoleon made a speech in which he alluded to every subject of interest in ancient and modern times except the death of Maximilian. The Czar of Russia took a gold medal for his fine horses, and Napoleon was awarded a prize for a model lodging-house. The procession to and from the palace was declared to be the finest pageant which Paris has ever witnessed.

The promotion of the Baron Von Beust, Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, is almost without precedent. A year ago he was a subject of King John of Saxony. When the Prussians overran that kingdom he removed to Vienna, entered the service of the Emperor of Austria, and on July 1 succeeded to the place vacated by Prince Metternich.

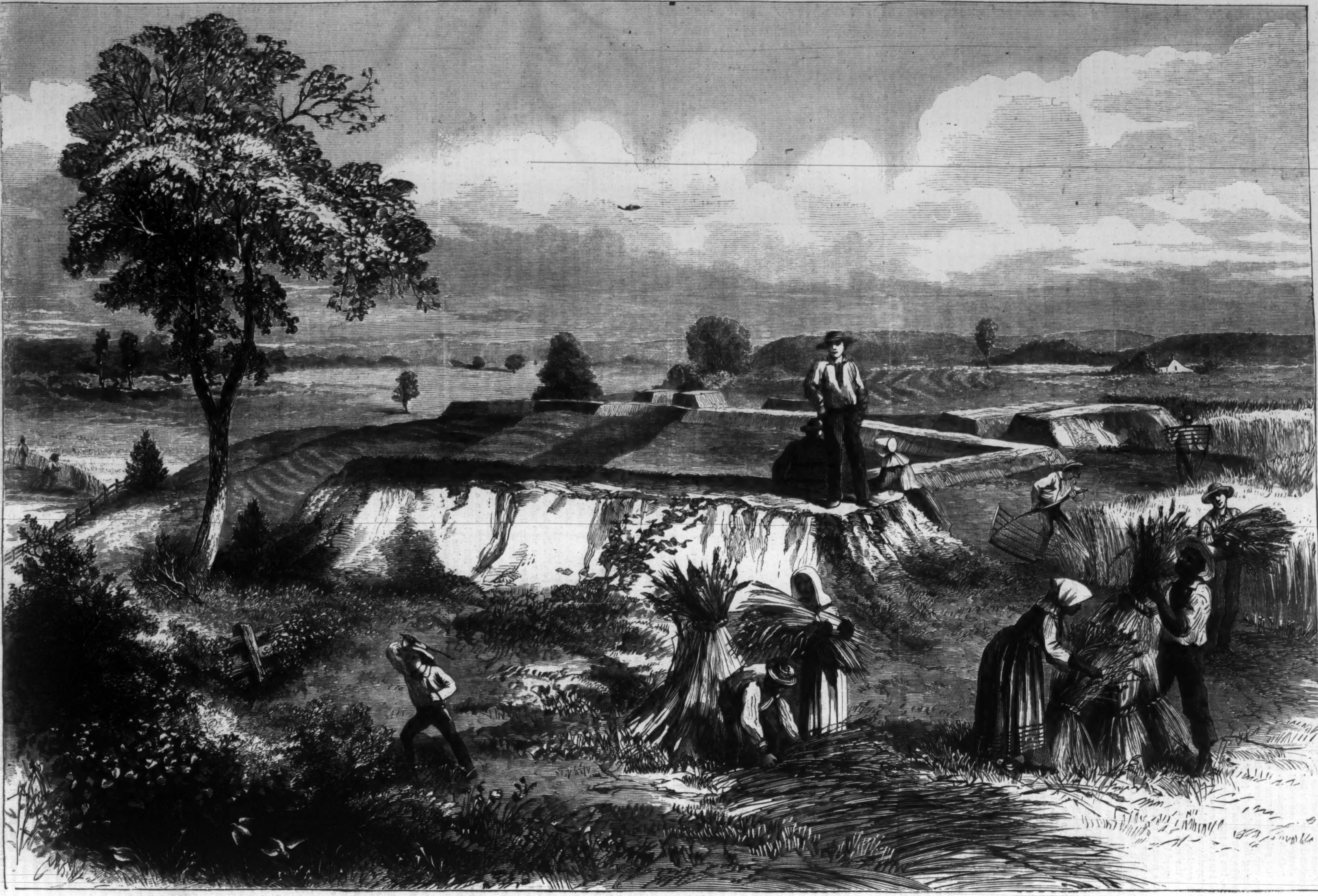
The new Government of Canada, under the Confederation act, was inaugurated at Ottawa on July 1. Lord Monck took the oath of office as Governor General, several officers of his privy council were knighted, salutes were fired, flags hoisted, and a general holiday taken. The day henceforth will be called "Union Day."

The news of the death of Maximilian was received in France on July 3. Napoleon ordered the Court in mourning. A grand military review fixed for that day, with the imperial *fêtes* in honor of the Sultan, were countermanded in consequence of the intelligence. The Austrian Court went into mourning the same day. The Grand Review of the British troops and Belgian Volunteers in Hyde Park, London, was postponed.

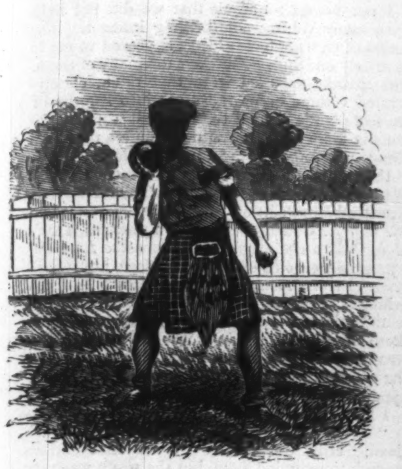
The International Congress, for the regulation of gold and silver coinage, in session in Paris, July 7, fixed upon the gold five-franc piece, and its multiples, as the basis for a uniform currency in Europe and America.

The Revolution in Peru, headed by General Castilla, has been suppressed, and the Dictator Prado retains control of the Republic.

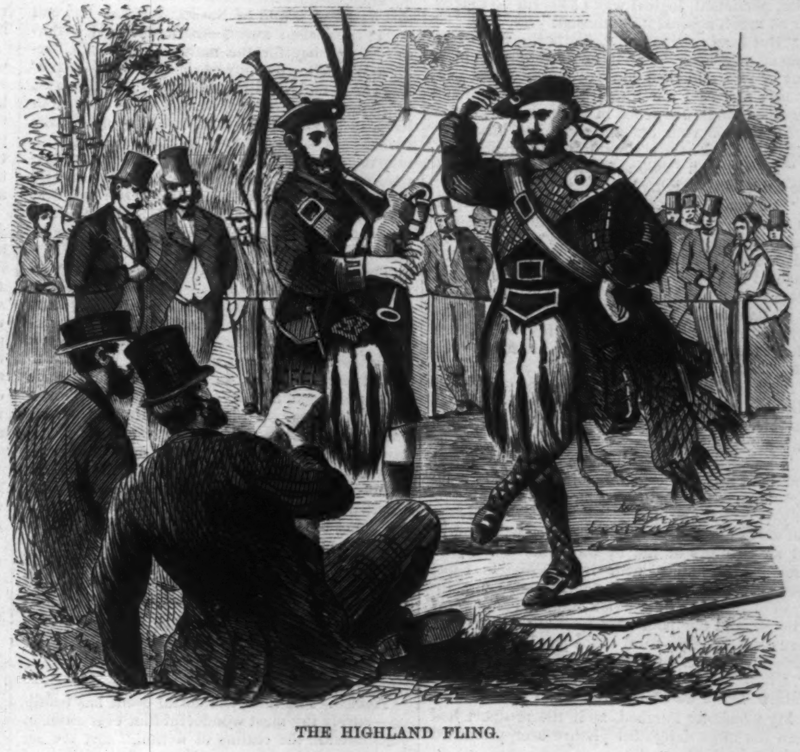
General Mosquera, President of Colombia, was arrested in Bogota, by General Acosta, on June 9, and is to be tried for high treason.



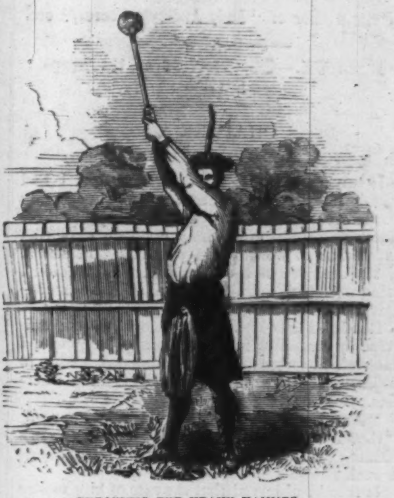
HARVEST ON HISTORIC FIELDS—A SCENE AT THE SOUTH.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 458.]



PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE.



THE HIGHLAND FLING.



THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER.

SCOTTISH GAMES.

Some months since the New York Caledonian Club offered a series of prizes to Scotchmen most excelling in the peculiar sports of the Scotch people; and the result was the assemblage at Jones's Wood, New York City, on July 1, of a large number of contestants and visitors from all parts of the country. The Scottish games have become an institution among us, and many others besides our Scotch residents assemble yearly to witness them. On this occasion at least 20,000 people were present, and the scene was a most enlivening one. Our engravings illustrate the most interesting of the various games and sports indulged in.

Putting the heavy stone and throwing the heavy hammer are feats very similar in appearance, but requiring very different qualities. The first demands brute strength. A stone weighing 24 pounds is thrown "from the shoulder," the person throwing it furthest receiving a gold medal, the second best taking $20, and the third receiving $10. The winner on this occasion threw the weight a distance of 31 feet 4 inches. Throwing the heavy hammer requires more skill than strength. The performer in this game stands sideways and swings a large sledge-hammer weighing 22 pounds backward and forward until it gains sufficient impetus, when his utmost exertions are given to impel its flight to the goal.

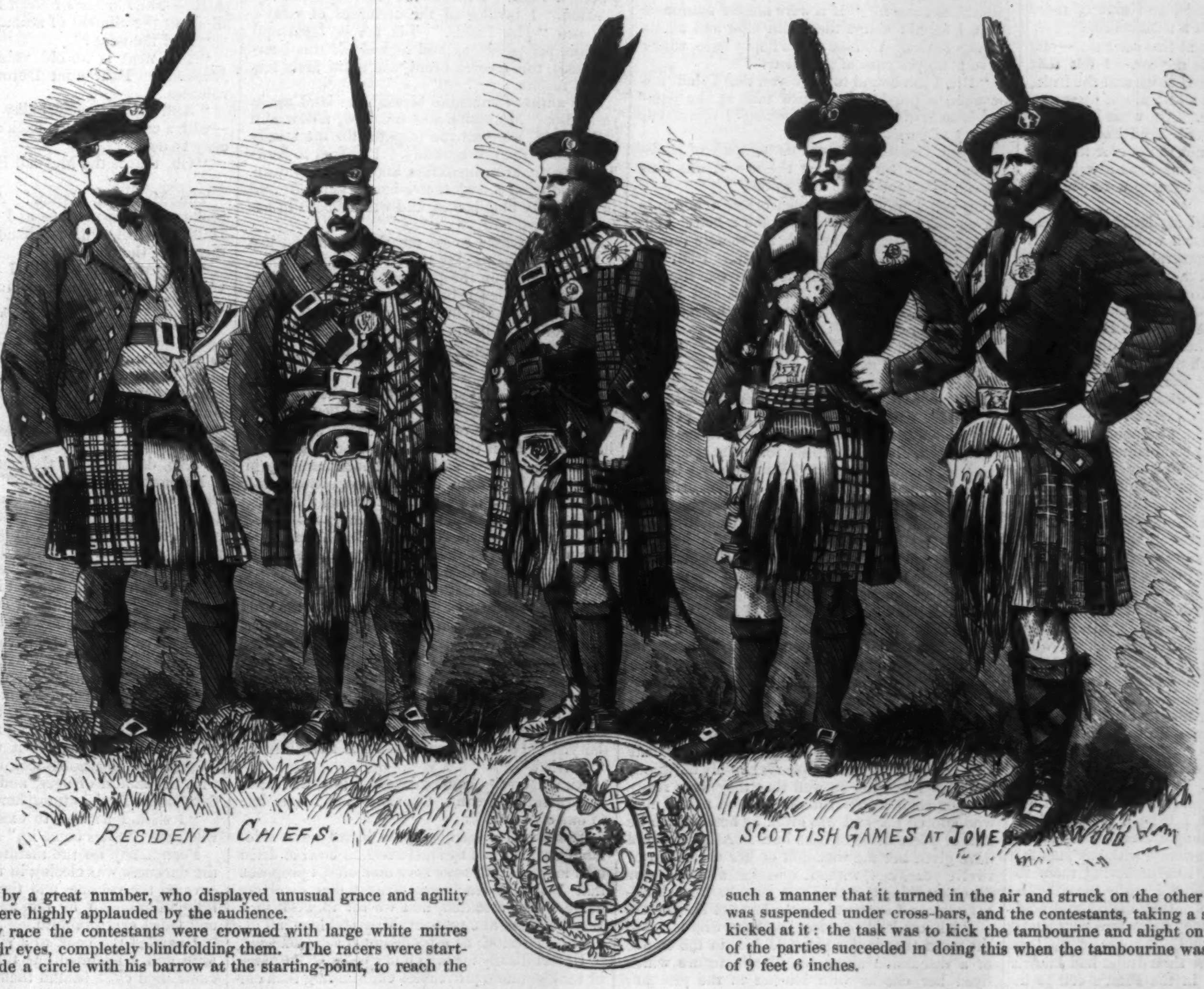
The Highland fling was indulged in by a great number, who displayed unusual grace and agility and endurance, and were highly applauded by the audience.

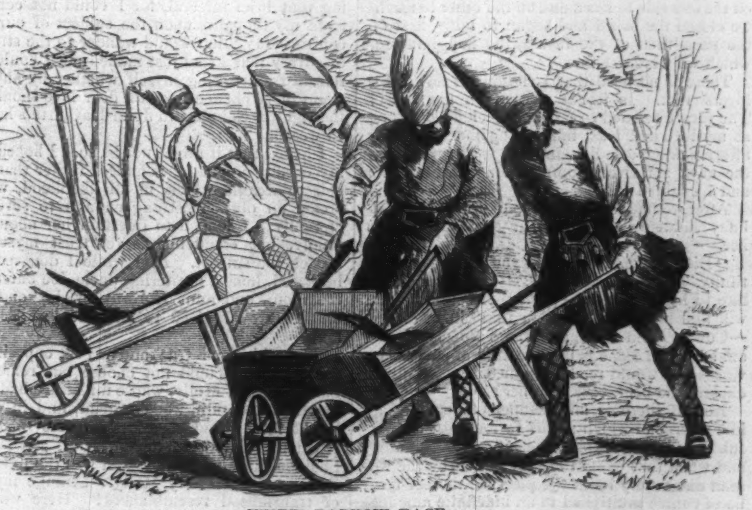
In the wheel-barrow race the contestants were crowned with large white mitres fastened down over their eyes, completely blindfolding them. The racers were started, after each had made a circle with his barrow at the starting-point, to reach the club banner, which was placed at the other end of the arena. Only four or five came near the goal, while the others shot off into the crowd at different points or ran into and tumbled over each other.

The sack race was an amusing feature of the day's sports. Eight men, all muffled up to the neck in huge canvas bags, started at a signal from the judges, and hopped, stumbled, kicked, fell down, got up again, and finally reached the goal at the other end of the field from whence they had started with as much dignity as the circumstances would admit, amidst a general uproar and tumult of laughter from the ten thousand spectators surrounding the ring.

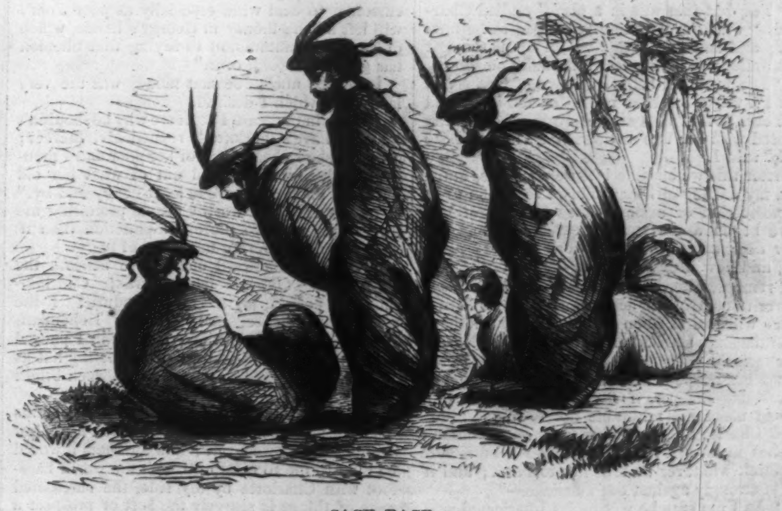
Besides the illustrations of these features of the games we give a group of the Resident Chiefs of the Caledonian Club, under whose auspices the contests were held; and a *fac-simile* of the medal distributed to the winners of the first prizes.

Various other games besides those which we have illustrated were played by the club and its visitors from abroad. Running jumps of 19 feet 3 inches, running high leaps of 5 feet 8 inches, and standing high leaps of 4 feet 7 inches were made: one of the contestants—a sort of human kangaroo, from Canada—with the aid of a pole, actually leaped 9 feet and 3 inches from the ground. A New York policeman grasped a small sapling tree, 15 feet long, and weighing 230 pounds, at one end, and threw it in such a manner that it turned in the air and struck on the other end. A tambourine was suspended under cross-bars, and the contestants, taking a short run, leaped and kicked at it: the task was to kick the tambourine and alight on the same foot. One of the parties succeeded in doing this when the tambourine was elevated to a height of 9 feet 6 inches.





WHEEL-BARROW RACE.



SACK RACE.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER V.

TOO FAIR TO LAST.

IN my confidences with my dear girl I had told her neither the nature of my mission in Yorkshire, nor the fact that I was bound to leave Huxter's Cross immediately upon an exploring expedition to nowhere in particular, in search of the archives of the Meynells. How could I bring myself to tell her that I must leave her?—how much less could I bring myself to do it?

Rendered desperately unmindful of the universe by reason of my all-absorbing happiness, I determined on giving myself a holiday boldly, in defiance of Sheldon and the Sheldonian interests.

"Am I a bounden slave," I asked myself, "that I should go here or there at any man's bidding for the pitiful stipend of twenty shillings a week?"

It is to be observed that the rate of hire makes all the difference in these cases; and while it is ignominious for a lawyer's clerk to hasten to and fro in the earning of his weekly wage, it is in no way dishonorable for the minister of state to obey the call of his chief, and hurry hither and thither in abnegation of all his own predilections, and to the aggravation of his chronic gout.

I wrote to my Sheldon, and told him that I had met with friends in the neighborhood of Huxter's Cross, and that I intended to give myself a brief holiday; after which I would resume my labors, and do my uttermost to make up for wasted time. I had still the remnant of my borrowed thirty pounds, and among these northern hills I felt myself a millionaire.

Three thousand pounds at five per cent.—one hundred and fifty pounds a year. I felt that with such an income assured to us, and the fruits of my industry, Charlotte and I might be secure from all the storms of life. Ah, what happiness it would be to work for her! And I am not too old to begin life afresh; not too old for the bar; not too old to make some mark as a writer on the press—not too old to become a respectable member of society.

After having dispatched my letter to Sheldon I made off for Newhall farm with all speed. I had received a sort of general invitation from the kindest of uncles and aunts, but I contrived with becoming modesty to arrive after Mr. Mercer's dinner-hour. I found Charlotte alone in the dear old-fashioned parlor, aunt Dorothy being engaged in some domestic operations in the kitchen, and uncle Joseph making his usual after-dinner rounds among the pig-sties and the thrashing-machines. I discovered afterward that it was Miss Halliday's wont to accompany her kind kinsman in this afternoon investigation; but to-day she had complained of a headache and preferred to stay at home. Yet there were few symptoms of the headache when I found her standing in the bow-window, watching the path by which I came, and the face of Aurora herself could scarcely be brighter or fresher than my darling's innocent blushes when I greeted her with the privileged kiss of betrothal.

We sat in the bow-window talking till the twilight shadows crept over the green-sward, and the sheep were led away to their fold, with cheerful jingling of bells and barking of watchful dog. My dearest girl told me that our secret had already been discovered by the penetrating eyes of aunt Dorothy and uncle Joseph. They had teased her unmercifully, it seemed, all that day, but were graciously pleased to smile on my suit, like a pair of imprudent Arcadians as they are.

"They like you very much indeed," my Lotta said, joyously; "but I believe they think I have known you much longer than I really have, and that you are very intimate with my step-father. It seems almost like deceiving them to allow them to think so, but I really haven't the courage to tell the truth. How foolish and bold they would think me if they knew how very short a time I have known you!"

"Twenty times longer than Juliet had known Romeo when they met in the Friar's cell to be married," I urged.

"Yes, but that was in a play," replied Charlotte, "where every thing is obliged to be hurried; and at Hyde Lodge we all of us thought that Juliet was a very forward young person."

"The poets all believe in love at first sight, and I'll wager our dear uncle Joe fell over head and ears in love with aunt Dorothy after having danced with her two or three times at an assize ball," said I.

After this we became intensely serious, and I told my darling girl that I hoped very soon to be in possession of a small fixed income, and to have begun a professional career. I told her how dear an incentive to work she had given me, and how little fear I had for the future.

I reminded her that Mr. Sheldon had no legal power to control her actions, and that as her father's will had left her entirely to her mother's guardianship, she had only her mother's pleasure to consult.

"I believe poor mamma would let me marry a crossing-sweeper, if I cried and declared it would make me miserable not to marry him," said Charlotte; "but then, you see, mamma's wishes mean Mr. Sheldon's wishes; she is sure to think whatever he tells her to think; and if he is strongly against our marriage—"

"As I am sure he will be," I interjected.

"—he will work upon poor mamma in that calm, persistent, logical way of his till he makes her as much against it as himself."

"But even your mamma's authority won't last forever, my love. You'll be twenty-one in a year or two, and then you can marry whom you please; and as I am thankful to say you don't possess a single sixpence in your own right, we can marry on your one-and-twentieth birthday, and defy all the stern step-fathers in creation."

"How I wish I had a fortune for your sake," she said, with a sigh.

"Be glad for my sake that you have none," I answered. "You can not imagine the miserable complications and perplexities which arise in this world from the possession of money. No slave so tightly bound as the man who has what people call 'a stake in the country' and a balance at his banker's. The true monarch of all he surveys is the penniless reprobate who walks down Fleet Street with his whole estate covered by the seedy hat upon his head."

Having thus moralized, I proceeded to ask Miss Halliday if she was prepared to accept an humbler station than that enjoyed by her at the Lawn.

"No useful landau, to be an open carriage at noon and a family coach at night," I said; "no nimble page to skip hither and thither at his fair lady's commands, if not belated on the way by the excitement of tossing half-pence with youthful adventurers of the by-ways and alleys; no trim parlor-maids, with irreproachable caps, dressed for the day at 11 o'clock A.M.—but, instead of these, an humble six-roomed bandbox of a house, and one poor hard-working slavey, with perennial smudges from sauce-pan lids upon her honest pug-nose. Consider the prospect seriously, Charlotte, and ask yourself whether you can endure such a descent in the social scale."

My Charlotte laughed, as if the prospect had been the most delightful picture ever presented to mortal vision.

"Do you think I care for the landau or the page?" she cried. "If it were not for mamma's sake, I should detest that prim villa and all its arrangements. You see me so happy here, where there is no pretense of grandeur—"

"But I am bound to warn you that I shall not be able to provide Yorkshire teas at the commencement of our domestic career," I remarked, by way of parenthesis.

"Aunt Dorothy will send us hampers of poultry and cakes, Sir; and for the rest of our time we can live upon bread and water."

On this I promised my betrothed a house in Cavendish or Portman Square, and a better-built landau than Mr. Sheldon's, in the remote future. With those dear eyes for my pole-stars I felt myself strong enough to clamber up the slippery ascent to the woolsack. The best and purest ambition must surely be that which is only a synonym for love.

After we had sat talking in the gloaming to our hearts' content, aunt Dorothy appeared, followed by a sturdy handmaid with lighted candles, and a still sturdier handmaid with a ponderous tea-tray. The two made haste to spread a snow-white cloth, and to set forth the species of banquet which it is the fashion nowadays to call high tea. Anon came uncle Joseph, bringing with him some slight perfume from the piggeries, and he and aunt Dorothy were pleased to be pleasantly facetious and congratulatory in their conversation during the social meal which followed their advent.

After tea we played whist again, aunt Dorothy and I obtaining a succession of easy victories over Charlotte and uncle Joe. I felt myself hourly more and more completely at home in that simple domestic circle, and enjoyed the proud position of an accepted lover. My Arcadian friends troubled themselves in no wise as to the approval or disapproval of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, or with regard either to my prospects or my antecedents. They saw me devoted to my dear girl, they saw my dearest pleased by my devotion, and they loved her so well that they were ready to open their hearts without reserve to the man who adored her and was loved by her, let him be rich or poor, noble or base-born. As they would have given her the wax-doll of her desire ten or twelve years ago, without question as to price or fitness of things, so they now gave her their kindly smiles and approval for the lover of her choice.

"I know Phil Sheldon is a man who looks to the main chance," said uncle Joe, in the course of a discussion about his niece's future which dyed her cheeks with blushes in the present; "and I'll lay you'll find him rather a difficult customer to deal with, especially as poor Tom's will left all the money in Georgy's hands, which of course is tantamount to saying that Sheldon has got the disposal of it."

I assured uncle Joe that money was the very last thing which I desired.

"Then in that case I don't see why he shouldn't let you have Charlotte," replied Mr. Mercer; "and if she's cheated out of her poor dad's money, she sha'n't be cheated out of what her old aunt and uncle may have to leave her by-and-by."

Here were these worthy people promising me an heiress with no more compunction than if they had been offering me a cup of tea.

I walked homeward once more beneath the quiet stars. Oh, how happy I was! Can happiness so perfect, joy so sinless, endure? I, the friendless wanderer and penniless Bohemian, asked myself this question; and again I paused upon the lonely moorland road to lift my hat as I thanked God for having given me such bright hopes.

But George Sheldon's three thousand pounds must be mine before I can secure the humblest shelter for my sweet one; and although it would be bliss to me to tramp through the world barefoot with Charlotte by my side, the barefooted state of things is scarcely the sort of prospect a man would care to offer to the woman he loves. So once more to the chase. One more day in this delicious island of the lotus-eaters, Newhall farm; and then away!—hark, forward!—tantivy!—and hey for the marriage-lines of Charlotte Meynell, great-grand-daughter of Matthew Haygarth, and, if still in the flesh, rightful heiress to the one hundred thousand pounds at present likely to be absorbed by the ravening jaws of the Crown! One more day, one more delightful, idle day, in the land where it is always afternoon, and then away to Hidling in the hybrid vehicle, and thence to Hull, from Hull to York, from York to Leeds, then Bradford, Huddersfield—*toute la boutique!*

The rain beats against the diamond panes of my casement as I write. The day has been hopelessly wet, so I have staid in my snug little chamber and occupied myself in writing this record. Foul wind or weather would have little power to keep me from my darling; but even if it had been a fine day, I could not with any grace have presented myself at Newhall farm for a third afternoon. To-morrow my immediate departure will afford me an excuse for presenting myself once more before my kind uncle and aunt. It will be my farewell visit. I wonder whether Charlotte will miss me this afternoon. I wonder whether she will be sorry when I tell her that I am going to leave this part of the country. Ah, shall we ever meet again under such happy auspices? Shall I ever again find such kind friends or such a hospitable dwelling as those I shall leave amidst these northern hills?

CHAPTER VI.

FOUND IN THE BIBLE.

Nov. 3. The most wonderful event has befallen—surely the most wonderful that ever came to pass outside the realms of fiction. Let me set down the circumstances of yesterday coolly and quietly if I can. I invoke the placid spirit of my Sheldon. I invoke all the divinities of Gray's Inn and "The Fields." Let me be legal and specific, perspicacious and logical—if this beating heart, this fevered brain, will allow me a few hours' respite.

The autumn sunshine blessed the land again yesterday. Moorland and meadow, fallow and clover-field, were all the brighter for the steady downfall of the previous day. I walked to Newhall directly after breakfast, and found my dearest standing at the white five-barred gate, dressed in her pretty blue jacket, and with ribbons in her bonny brown hair.

She was pleased to see me, though at first just a little inclined to play the *boudeuse* on account of my absence on the previous day. Of course I assured her that it had been anguish for me to remain away from her, and quoted that divine sonnet of our William's to the like effect:

> "How like a winter hath my absence been!"

and again:

> "Oh, never say that I was false of heart,
> Though absence seemed my flame to qualify."

Equally of course my pet pretended not to believe me. After this little misunderstanding we forgave each other, and adored each other again with just a little more than usual devotion; and then we went for a long ramble among the fields, and looked at the dear placid sheep, who stared at us wonderingly in return, as if exclaiming to themselves, "And these are a specimen couple of the creatures called lovers!"

We met uncle Joe in the course of our wanderings, and returned with him in time for the vulgar superstition of dinner, which we might have forgotten had we been left by ourselves. After dinner uncle Joe made off to his piggeries; while aunt Dorothy fell asleep in a capacious old arm-chair by the fire, after making an apologetic remark to the effect that she was tired, and had been a good deal "tewed" that morning in the dairy. "Tewed," I understand, is Yorkshire for "worried."

Aunt Dorothy having departed into the shadowy realm of dreams, Charlotte and I were left to our own devices.

There was a backgammon board on a side-table, surmounted by an old Indian bowl of dried rose-leaves; and, *pour nous distraire*, I proposed that I should teach my dearest that diverting game. She assented, and we set to work in a very business-like manner, Miss Halliday, all attention, I serious as a professional schoolmaster.

Unfortunately for my pupil's progress the game of backgammon proved less entertaining than our own conversation, so, after a very feeble attempt on the one side to learn and on the other to teach, we closed the board and began to talk—first of the past, then of the future, the happy future, which we were to share.

There is no need that I should set down this lovers' talk. Is it not written on my heart? The future seemed so fair and unclouded to me, as my love and I sat talking together yesterday afternoon. Now all is changed. The strangest, the most surprising complications have arisen; and I doubt, I fear.

After we had talked for a long time, Miss Halliday suddenly proposed that I should read to her.

"Diana once told me that you read very beautifully," said this flatterer; "and I should so like to hear you read—poetry, of course. You will find plenty of poems in that old book-case—Cowper, and Bloomfield, and Pope. Now I am sure that Pope is just the kind of poet whose verses you would read magnificently. Shall we explore the book-case together?"

Now if there is any manner of beguiling an idle afternoon which seems to me most delightful, it is by the exploration of old book-cases; and when that delight can be shared by the woman one fondly loves the pleasure thereof must be of course multiplied to an indefinite amount.

So Charlotte and I set to work immediately to ransack the lower shelves of the old-fashioned mahogany book-case, which contained the entire library of the Mercer household.

I am bound to admit that we did not light upon many volumes of thrilling interest. The verses of Cowper have always appeared to me to have only one fault—there are too many of them. One shrinks appalled from that thick, closely-printed volume of morality cut into lengths of ten feet; and, beyond the few well-worn quotations in daily use, I am fain to confess that I am almost a stranger to the bard of Olney.

Half a dozen odd volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, three or four of the *Annual Register*, a neatly-bound edition of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* in twelve volumes, Law's *Holy Call to a Serious Life*, *Paradise Lost*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Hervey's Meditations*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, formed the varied contents of the principal shelves. Above, there were shabbily-bound volumes and unbound pamphlets. Below, there were folios, the tops whereof were thickly covered with the dust of ages, having escaped the care of the handmaidens even in that neatly-appointed household.

I knelt down to examine these.

"You'll be covered with dust if you touch them," cried Charlotte. "I was once curious enough to examine them, but the result was very disappointing."

"And yet they look so delightfully mysterious," I said. "This one, for instance?"

"That is an old history of London, with curious plates and maps; rather interesting if one has nothing more amusing to read. But the perennial supply of novels from Mudie's spoils one for that kind of book."

"If ever I come to Newhall again I shall dip into the old history. One is never tired of dead and gone London. But after Mr. Knight's delightful book any old history must seem very poor. What, is my burly friend here?"

"Oh, a dreadful veterinary-surgeon's encyclopædia—*The Farmer's Friend* I think it is called; all about the ailment of animals."

"And the next?"

"The next is an old volume of the *Penny Magazine*. Dear aunt Dorothy is rich in odd volumes."

"And the next—my bulky friend number two—with a cracked leather back and a general tendency to decay?"

"Oh, that is the Meynell Bible."

The MEYNELL BIBLE! A hot perspiration broke out upon my face as I knelt at Charlotte Halliday's feet, with my hand resting lightly on the top of the book.

"The Meynell Bible!" I repeated; and my voice was faintly tremulous in spite of the effort which I made over myself. "What do you mean by the Meynell Bible?"

"I mean the old family Bible that belonged to my grandmamma. It was her father's Bible, you know; and of course he was my great-grandfather—Christian Meynell. Why, how you stare at me, Valentine! Is there any thing so wonderful in my having had a great-grandfather?"

"No, darling; but the fact is that I—"

In another moment I should have told her the entire truth; but I remembered just in time that I had pledged myself to profound secrecy with regard to the nature and progress of my investigation, and I had yet to learn whether that pledge did or did not involve the observance of secrecy even with those most interested in my researches. Pending further communication with Sheldon, I was certainly bound to be silent.

"I have a kind of interest in the name of Meynell," I said, "for I was once engaged in a business matter with people of that name."

And having thus hoodwinked my beloved with a bouncer, I proceeded to extract the Bible from its shelf. The book was so tightly wedged into its place that to remove it was like drawing a tooth. It was a noble-looking old volume, blue with the mould of ages, and redolent of a chill dampness like the atmosphere of a tomb.

"I should so like to examine the old book when the candles come in," I said.

Fortunately for the maintenance of my secret the darkness was closing in upon us when I discovered the volume, and the room was only fitfully illuminated by the flame that brightened and faded every minute.

I carried the book to a side-table, and Charlotte and I resumed our talk until the candles came, and close behind them uncle Joe. I fear I must have seemed a very inattentive lover during that brief interval, for I could not concentrate my thoughts upon the subject of our discourse. My mind would wander to the strange discovery that I had just made, and I could not refrain from asking myself whether by any extraordinary chance my own dear love should be the rightful claimant to John Haygarth's hoarded wealth.

I hoped that it might not be so. I hoped that my darling might be penniless rather than the heir to wealth, which, in all likelihood, would create an obstacle strong enough to sever us eternally. I longed to question her about her family, but could not as yet trust myself to broach the subject. And while I doubted and hesitated, honest blustering uncle Joe burst into the room, and aunt Dorothy awoke, and was unutterably surprised to find she had slept so long.

After this came tea; and as I sat opposite my dearest girl I could not choose but remember that gray-eyed Molly, whose miniature had been found in the tulip-wood bureau, and in whose bright face I had seen the likeness of Philip Sheldon's beautiful step-daughter. And Mr. Sheldon's lovely step-daughter was the lineal descendant of this very Molly. Strange mystery of transmitted resemblances! Here was the sweet face that had bewitched honest, simpleminded Matthew Haygarth reproduced after the lapse of a century.

My Charlotte was descended from a poor little player girl who had smiled upon the roysterous populace at Bartholomew Fair. Some few drops of Bohemian blood mingled with the pure life-stream in her veins. It pleased me to think of this; but I derived no pleasure from the idea that Charlotte might possibly be the claimant of a great fortune.

"She may have cousins who would stand before her," I said to myself; and there was some comfort in the thought.

After tea I asked permission to inspect the old family Bible, much to the astonishment of uncle Joe, who had no sympathy with antiquarian tastes, and marveled that I should take any interest in so mouldy a volume. I told him, with perfect truth, that such things had always more or less interest for me; and then I withdrew to my little table, where I was provided with a special pair of candles.

"You'll find the births and deaths of all poor Molly's ancestors on the first leaf," said uncle Joe. "Old Christian Meynell was a rare one for jotting down such things; but the ink has gone so pale that it's about as much as you'll do to make sense of it, I'll lay."

Charlotte looked over my shoulder as I examined the fly-leaf of the family Bible. Even with this incentive to distraction I contrived to be tolerably business-like; and this is the record which I found on the faded page:

> "Samuel Matthew Meynell, son of Christian and Sarah Meynell, b. March 9, 1796, baptized at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in this city.
>
> "Susan Meynell, daughter of Christian and Sarah Meynell, b. June 29, 1798, also baptized in the same church.
>
> "Charlotte Meynell, second daughter of the above Christian and Sarah, b. October 3, 1800, baptized at the above-mentioned church of St. Giles, London."

Below these entries, in blacker ink and in a different handwriting—a bold, business-like, masculine caligraphy—came the following:

> "Charlotte Meynell, married to James Halliday, in the parish church of Barngrave, Yorks, April 15, 1819."

Below this there was an entry in a woman's penmanship:

> "Susan, the beloved sister of C. H., died in London, July 11, 1835.
>
> "Judge not, that ye be not judged.
>
> "I came to call sinners, and not the righteous to repentance."

This record seemed to hint vaguely at some sad story: "Susan, the beloved sister;" no precise date of the death—no surname! And then those two deprecating sentences, which seemed to plead for the dead.

I had been led to understand that Christian Meynell's daughters had both died in Yorkshire—one married, the other unmarried.

The last record in the book was the decease of James Halliday, my dear girl's grandfather.

After pondering long over the strangely-worded entry of Susan Meynell's death, I reflected that, with the aid of those mysterious powers Hook and Crook, I must contrive to possess myself of an exact copy of this leaf from a family history, if not of the original document. Again my duty to my Sheldon impelled me to be false to all my new-born instincts and boldly give utterance to another bouncer.

"I am very much interested in a county history now preparing for the press," I said to my honored uncle, who was engaged in a hand at cribbage with his wife; "and I really think this old leaf from a family Bible would make a very interesting page in that work."

I blushed for myself as I felt how shamefully I was imposing upon my newly-found kinsman's credulity. With scarcely any one but uncle Joe could I have dared to employ so shallow an artifice.

"Would it really, now?" said that confiding innocent. "Well, I suppose old papers, and letters, and such like, are uncommonly interesting to some folks. I can't say I care much about 'em myself."

"Would you have any objection to my taking a copy of these entries?" I asked.

"My word, no, lad; not I. Take half a dozen copies, and welcome, if they can be of any use to you or other people. That's not much to ask for."

I thanked my simple host, and determined to write to a stationer at Hull for some tracing-paper by the first post next morning. There was some happiness at least in having found this unlooked-for end to my researches. I had a good excuse for remaining longer near Charlotte Halliday.

"It's only for my poor Mary's sake I set any value on that old volume," the farmer said presently, in a meditative tone. "You see the names there are the names of her relations, not mine; and this place and all in it was hers. Dorothy and I are only interlopers, as you may say, at the best, though I brought my fortune to the old farm, and Dorothy brought her fortune, and between us we've made Newhall a much better place than it was in old James Halliday's time. But there's something sad in the thought that none of those that were born on the land have left chick or child to inherit it."

Uncle Joseph fell for a while into a pensive reverie, and I thought of that other inheritance, well-nigh fifty times the value of Newhall farm, which is now waiting for a claimant. And again I asked myself, Could it be possible that this sweet girl, whose changeful face had saddened with those old memories, whose innocent heart knew not one sordid desire—could it be indeed she whose fair hand was to wrest the Haygarthian gold from the grip of Crown lawyers?

The sight of the old Bible seemed to have revived Mr. Mercer's memory of his first wife with unwonted freshness.

"She was a sweet young creature," he said; "the living picture of our Lottie, and sometimes I fancy it must have been that which made me take to Lottie when she was a little one. I used to see my first wife's eyes looking up at me out of Lottie's eyes. I told Tom it was a comfort to me to have the little lass with me, and that's how they let her come over so often from Hyley. Poor old Tom used to bring her over in his Whitechapel cart, and leave her behind him for a week or so at a stretch. And then, when my Dorothy yonder took pity upon a poor lonely widower, she made as much of the little girl as if she'd been her own, and more perhaps; for not having any children of her own, she thought them such out-of-the-way creatures, that you couldn't coddle them and pet them too much. There's a little baby lies buried in Barngrave church-yard with Tom Halliday's sister that would have been a noble young man, sitting where you're sitting, Mr. Hawkehurst, and looking at me as bright as you're looking, perhaps, if the Lord's will hadn't been otherwise. We've all our troubles, you see, and that was mine; and if it hadn't been for Dorothy, life would not have been worth much for me after that time—but my Dorothy is all manner of blessings rolled up in one."

The farmer looked fondly at his second wife as he said this, and she blushed and smiled upon him with responsive tenderness. I fancy a woman's blushes and smiles wear longer in these calm solitudes than amidst the tumult and clamor of a great city.

Finding my host inclined to dwell upon the past, I ventured to hazard an indirect endeavor to obtain some information respecting that entry in the Bible which had excited my curiosity.

"Miss Susan Meynell died unmarried, I believe?" I said. "I see her death recorded here, but she is described by her Christian name only.

"Ah, very like," replied Mr. Mercer, with an air of indifference, which I perceived to be assumed. "Yes, my poor Molly's aunt Susan died unmarried."

"And in London? I had been given to understand that she died in Yorkshire."

I blushed for my own impertinence as I pressed this inquiry. What right had I to be given to understand any thing about these honest Meynells? I saw poor uncle Joe's disconcerted face, and I felt that the hunter of an heir-at-law is apt to become a very obnoxious creature.

"Susan Meynell died in London—the poor lass died in London," replied Joseph Mercer, gravely; "and now we'll drop that subject, if you please, my lad. It isn't a pleasant one."

After this I could no longer doubt that there was some painful story involved in those two deprecating sentences of the gospel.

It was some time before uncle Joe was quite his own jovial and rather noisy self again, and on this evening we had no whist. I bade my friends good-night a little earlier than usual, and departed, after having obtained permission to take a tracing of the fly-leaf as soon as possible.

On this night the starlit sky and lonesome moor seemed to have lost their soothing power. There was a new fever in my mind. The simple plan of the future which I had mapped out for myself was suddenly shattered. The Charlotte of to-night—heiress-at-law to an enormous fortune—ward in Chancery—claimant against the Crown—was a very different person from the simple maid "whom there were none"—or only a doting simpleton in the person of the present writer—"to praise, and very few to love."

The night before last I had hoped so much; to-night hope had forsaken me. It seemed as if a Titan's hand had dug a great pit between me and the woman I loved—a pit as deep as the grave.

Philip Sheldon might have consented to give me his step-daughter unpossessed of a sixpence; but would he give me his step-daughter with a hundred thousand pounds for her fortune? Alas, no; I know the Sheldonian intellect too well to be fooled by any hope so wild and baseless. The one bright dream of my misused life faded from me in the hour in which I discovered my dearest girl's claim to the Haygarthian inheritance. But I am not going to throw up the sponge before the fight is over. Time enough to die when I am lying face downward in the ensanguined mire, and feel the hosts of the foeman trampling above my shattered carcass. I will live in the light of my Charlotte's smiles while I can—and for the rest—"*Il ne faut pas dire, fontaine, je ne boirrai pas de ton eau.*" There is no cup so bitter that a man dare say, I will not drain it to the very dregs. "What must be, shall be—that's a certain text;" and in the mean time *carpe diem.* I am all a Bohemian again.

Nov. 5. After a day's delay I have obtained my tracing-paper, and made two tracings of the entries in the Meynell Bible. How intercourse with the Sheldonian race inclines one to the duplication of documents! I consider the copying-press of modern civilization the supreme incarnation of man's distrust of his fellow-men.

I spent this afternoon and evening with my dear love—my last evening in Yorkshire. To-morrow I shall see my Sheldon, and inform him of the very strange termination which has come to my researches. Will he communicate at once with his brother? Will he release me from my oath of secrecy? There is nothing of the masonic secretiveness in my organization, and I am very weary of the seal that has been set upon my unwary lips. Will Charlotte be told that she is the reverend intestate's next of kin? These are questions which I ask myself as I sit in the stillness of my room at the Magpie, scribbling this wretched diary of mine, while the church-clock booms three solemn strokes in the distance.

Oh, why did not the reverend intestate marry his housekeeper, and make a will, like other honest citizens, and leave my Charlotte to walk the obscure by-ways of honest poverty with me? I do believe that I could have been honest; I do believe that I could have been brave and true and steadfast for her dear sake. But it is the office of man to propose, while the Unseen disposes. Perhaps such a youth as mine admits of no redemption. I have written circulars for Horatio Paget. I have been the willing, remorseless tool of a man who never eats his dinner without inflicting a wrong upon his fellow-creatures. Can a few moments of maudlin sentimentality, a vague yearning for something brighter and better, a brief impulse toward honesty inspired by a woman's innocent eyes—can so little virtue in the present atone for so much guilt in the past! Alas, I fear not.

I had one last brief *tête-à-tête* with my dear girl while I took the tracing from the old Bible. She sat watching me, and distracting me more or less while I worked; and despite the shadow of doubt that has fallen upon me, I could not be otherwise than happy in her sweet company.

When I came to the record of Susan Meynell's death, my Charlotte's manner changed all at once from her accustomed joyousness to a pensive gravity.

"I was very sorry you spoke of Susan Meynell to uncle Joseph," she said, thoughtfully.

"But why sorry, my dear?"

I had some vague notion as to the cause of this sorrow; but the instincts of the chase impelled me to press the subject. Was I not bound to know every secret in the lives of Matthew Haygarth's descendants?

"There is a very sad story connected with my aunt Susan—she was my great-aunt, you know," said Charlotte, with a grave, earnest face. "She went away from home, and there was great sorrow. I can not talk of the story even to you, Valentine, for there seems something sacred in these painful family secrets. My poor aunt Susan left all her friends, and died many years afterward in London."

"She was known to have died unmarried?" I asked. From George Sheldon's point of sight this would be an important question.

"Yes," Charlotte replied, blushing crimson.

That blush told me a great deal.

"There was some one concerned in this poor lady's sorrow," I said; "some one to blame for all her unhappiness."

"There was."

"Some person whom she loved and trusted, perhaps?"

"Whom she loved and trusted only too well. Oh, Valentine, must not that be terrible? To confide with all your heart in the person you love, and to find him base and cruel! If my poor aunt had not believed Montagu Kingdon to be true and honorable she would have trusted her friends a little, instead of trusting so entirely in him. Oh, Valentine, what am I telling you! I can not bear to cast a shadow on the dead."

"My dear love, do you think I can not pity this injured lady? Do you think I am likely to play the Pharisee, and be eager to bespatter the grave of this poor sufferer? I can almost guess the story which you shrink from telling me—it is one of those sad histories so often acted, so often told. Your aunt loved a person called Montagu Kingdon, her superior in station, perhaps?"

I looked at Charlotte as I said this, and her face told me that I had guessed rightly.

"This Montagu Kingdon admired and loved her," I said. "He seemed eager to make her his wife, but no doubt imposed secrecy as to his intentions. She accepted his word as that of a true-hearted lover and a gentleman, and in the end had bitter reason to repent her confidence. That is an outline of the story, is it not, Charlotte?"

"I am sure that it was so. I am sure that when she left Newhall she went away to be married," cried Charlotte, eagerly; "I have seen a letter that proves it—to me, at least. And yet I have heard even mamma speak harshly of her—so long dead and gone off the face of this earth—as if she had deliberately chosen the sad fate which came to her."

"Is it possible that Mr. Kingdon did marry Miss Meynell, after all?"

"No," replied Charlotte, very sadly; "there is no hope of that. I have seen a letter written by my poor aunt years afterward—a letter that tells much of the cruel truth; and I have heard that Mr. Kingdon came back to Yorkshire and married a rich lady during my aunt's lifetime."

"I should like to see that letter," I said, involuntarily.

"Why, Valentine?" asked my darling, looking at me with sorrowful, wondering eyes. "To me it seems so painful to talk of these things: it is like reopening an old wound."

"But if the interests of other people require—" I began, in a very blundering manner.

"Whose interest can be served by my showing you my poor aunt's letter? It would seem like an act of dishonor to the dead."

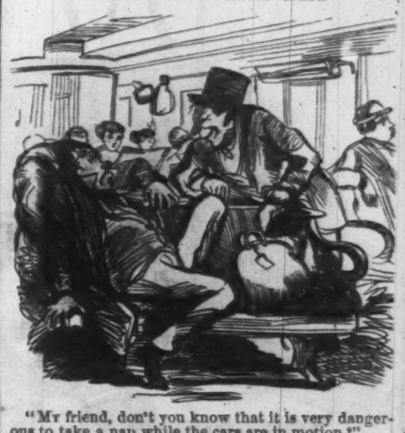
What could I say after this—bound hand and foot as I am by my promise to Sheldon?

After a long talk with my sweet one, I borrowed uncle Joe's dogcart and spun across to Barngrave, where I found the little church beneath whose gray old roof Charlotte Meynell plighted her troth to James Halliday. I took a copy of all entries in the register concerning Mrs. Meynell Halliday and her children, and then went back to Newhall to restore the dogcart, and to take my last Yorkshire tea at the hospitable old farm-house.

To-morrow I am off to Barlingford, fifteen miles from this village, to take more copies of registries concerning my sweet young heiress—the registries of her father's marriage and her own birth. After that I think my case will be tolerably complete, and I can present myself to Sheldon in the guise of a conqueror.

Is it not a great conquest to have made? Is it not almost an act of chivalry for these prosaic days to go forth into the world as a private inquirer and win a hundred thousand pounds for the lady of one's love? And yet I wish any one rather than my Charlotte were the lineal descendant of Matthew Haygarth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



"MY friend, don't you know that it is very dangerous to take a nap while the cars are in motion?"

"Why no!" exclaims astonished individual, suddenly waking up, "why so?"

"Because this train runs over sleepers."

A rhetorical schoolmaster calls his pupils buds of promise on the branches of education.

The mists of antiquity have been generally accompanied by the rain of error.

Dr. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Can any reasonable doubt be entertained of the stability of a bank whose directors always show a great *reserve* when questioned about its affairs?

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel she said, entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell any body you beaued me home." "Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

In Wyandotte County, Ohio, lived a young gallant who, wishing to show proper respect for his "Gal," took her to Upper Sandusky, and, in an overflowing fit of generosity, concluded to treat her to candy. Looking around for a "sign" he espied a striped barber's pole, and instantly concluded that was the place.

A professional beggar-boy, some ten years of age, ignorant of the art of reading, bought a card to place on his breast, and appeared in the public streets as a "poor widow, with eight small children."

When "time presses," is it not the work of the calendar?

If you let a man pull your nose to-day, when will he do it again?—Why next tweak, of course!

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water?—To liquidate their little bills.

When may a man be said to bridge a difficulty?—When he makes an arch smile.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ARITHMETIC.

RAILROAD MEASURE.

1 excursion train	2 accidents.
2 accidents	1 official inquiry.
1 official inquiry	1 signalman discharged.
1 signalman discharged	1 signalman starves.
1 signalman starves	1 public appeased.
1 time table	10 blunders.
10 blunders	1 confusion.
1 confusion	1 too late for train.
1 too late for train	1 swears.
1 swears	1 sin more on heads of directors.
1 junction	1 change cars.
1 change cars	1 wrong train.
1 wrong train	1 useless journey.
1 useless journey	1 bad temper.
1 bad temper	1 more wrinkle.
1 late train	1 cold dinner.
1 cold dinner	1 wife sulks.
1 wife sulks	1 husband sulks.
1 husband sulks	1 husband goes to club.
1 husband goes to club	1 wife repents.
1 wife repents	1 husband returns.
1 husband returns	1 wife wigs him.
1 wife wigs him	1 unhappy home.

QUESTIONS IN ZOOLOGY.

What animal do base-ball fellers take tu?—The bat.
Which is a turbulent animal?—The shrew.
Which is allus in chains?—The lynx.
Which is not tu be trusted?—The chetah.
Which is up in the world?—The hy-æna.
Which never wood lose by bettin' on hoss-trots?—The hedge-hog.
Which is allus found on legal dockooments?—The seal.
Which is the most worn?—The beaver.
Which is preferred on a seprit plate tu uther vittles?—The hare.
Which was most to be found in the Navy formerly?—The cat.

A certain minister lately perpetrated the following involuntary (we hope) pun, in the course of a flight of eloquence in the pulpit. Speaking of the peaceful departure of the Christian resembling going to sleep, he exclaimed, "Lazarus slept, the son of the widow also slept, and Stephen, the martyr, was *rocked* to sleep!"

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN FOP.

Two tuns of pride and impudence,
One scruple next of modesty and sense,
Two grains of truth; of falsehood and deceit
And insincerity a hundredweight.
Infuse into the skull, of flashy wit
And empty nonsense *quantum sufficit.*
To make the composition quite complete,
Throw in the appearance of a grand estate,
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,
A ring, two watches, and a snuff-box gilt,
A gay, effeminate, embroidered vest,
With suitable attire—*probatum est,*

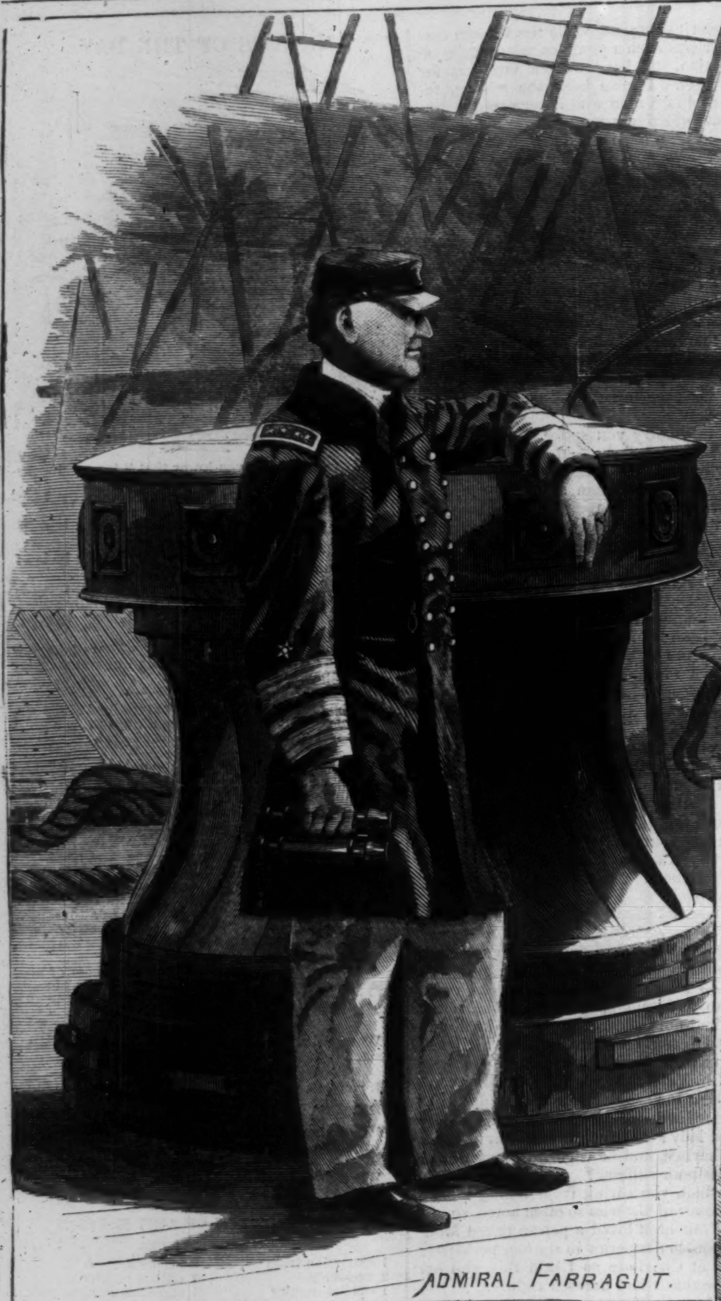
Why is a kiss like gathering cabbage?—Because it brings the heads together.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows around him are tired.

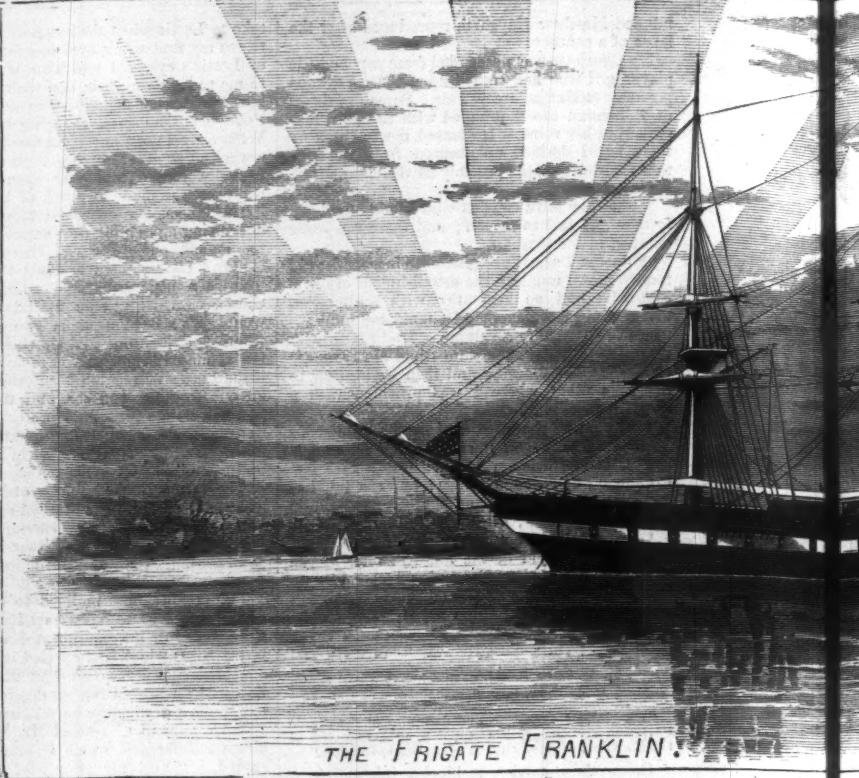
NAUTICAL.—Why is it impossible to get a first-class seaman to serve on board a brig?—Because no good man can serve two masters.

Why is a franc fresh from the mint like grass just cut down?—Because its new monnaie (mown hay).

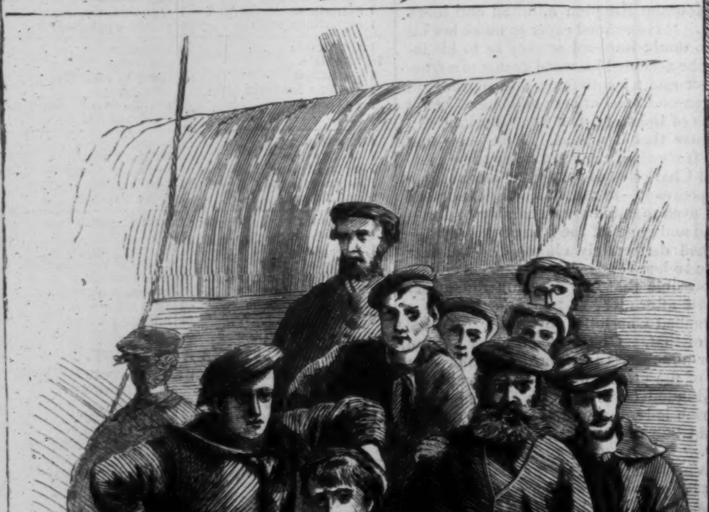
A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.



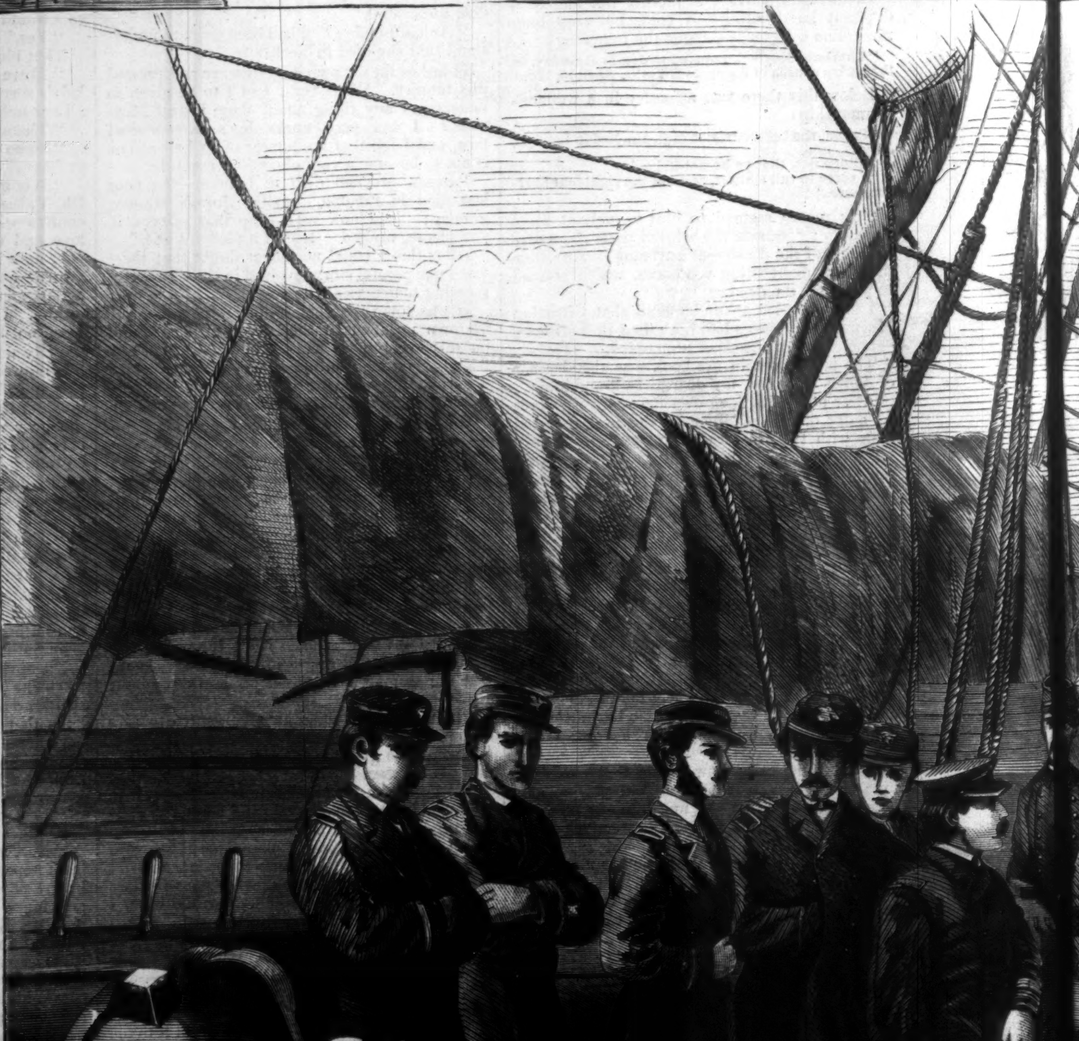
ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.



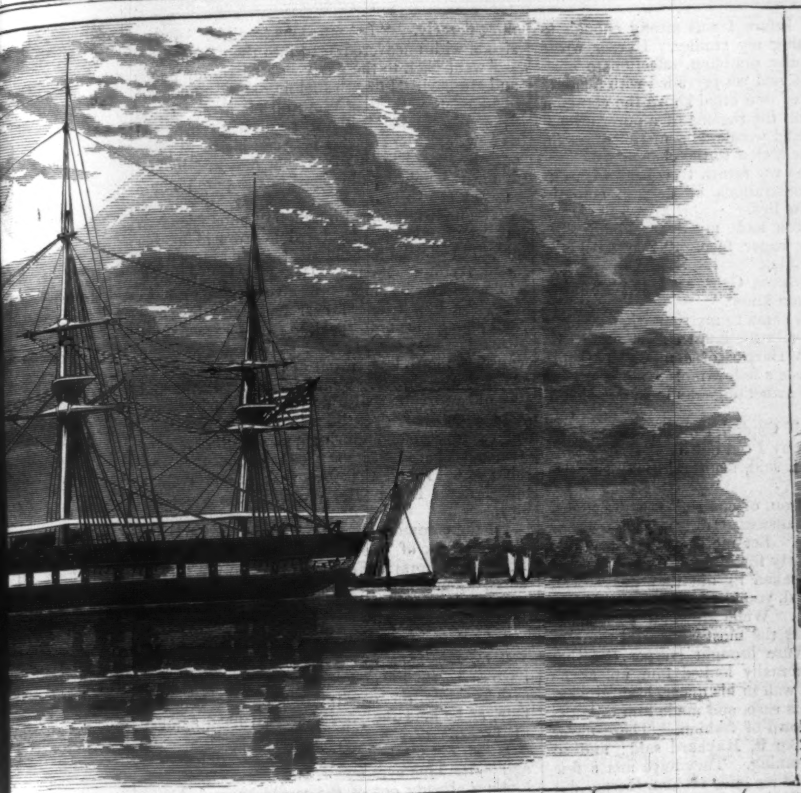
THE FRIGATE FRANKLIN.

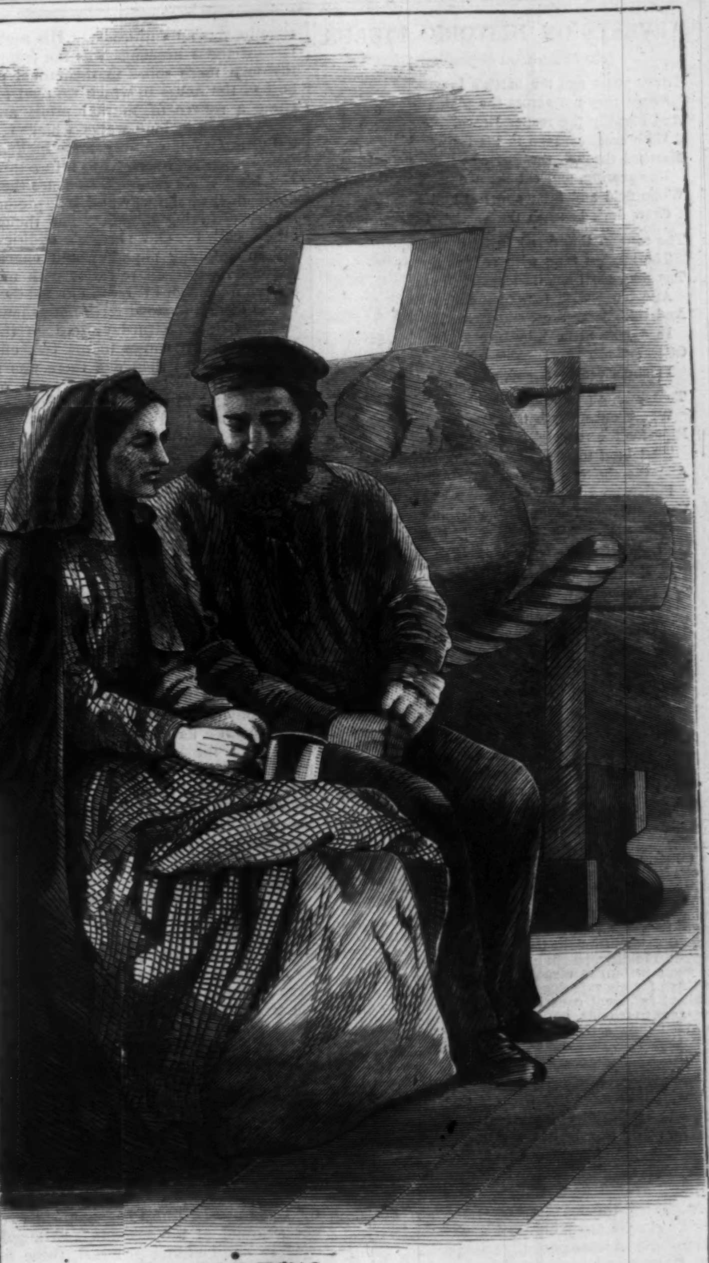


GROUP OF SAILORS.

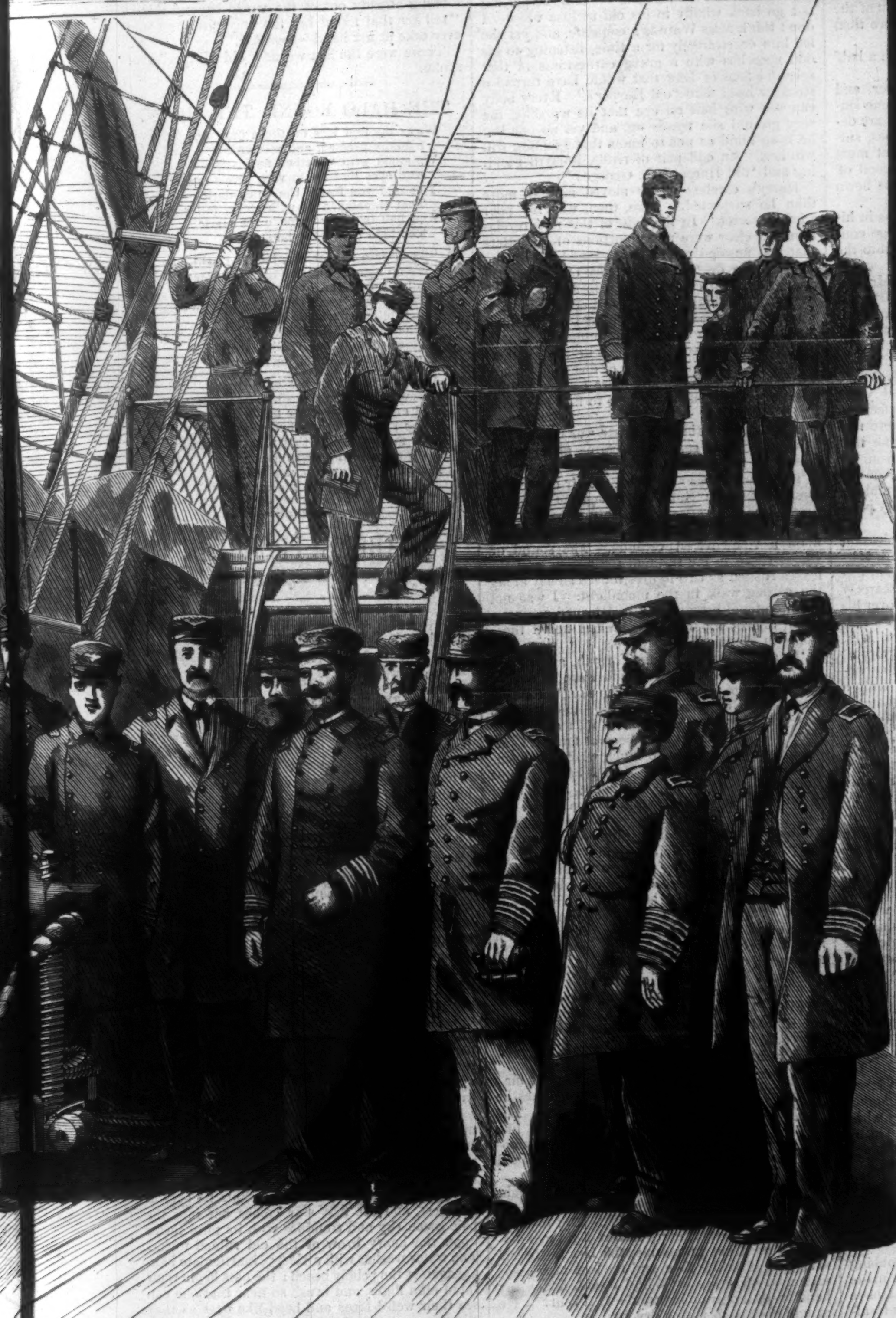


SCENES ON BOARD ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP THE "FRANKLIN," NEW YORK

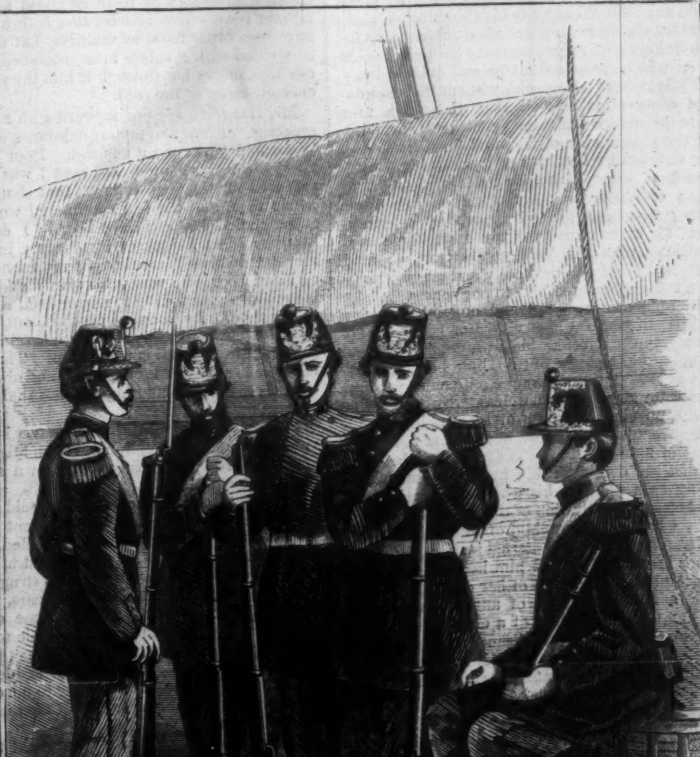




THE PARTING.



THE OFFICERS OF THE FRANKLIN.



GROUP OF MARINES.

RK HARBOR, June 29, 1867.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.—[See First Page.]

HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS.

[*See Illustration on page* 452.]

Three years ago the battle's breath
Swept fiery-hot across the plain;
And steadily the reaper Death,
With cruel carnage in his train,
Marched through the serried ranks, that stood
Unwavering, and cut them down;
While field and farm and hill and wood
Grew dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath,
The musket rang with volleys there;
The loud shell cut its trackless path,
And burst with fury in the air;
And thickly by the trodden way,
In dyke and field, by level rows
Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay—
Friend close by friend, and foe with foes.

To-day another harvest stands
Where once Death trod the bleeding plain,
Ripe for the reapers' ready hands
That bind in sheaves the golden grain.
Afar the sheltered farm-house sleeps,
Embowered in shade; while o'er the mound,
With pitying growth, the wild-vine creeps,
Where rifles rang with deadly sound.

Up from her cover starts the quail,
As chancing on her hidden nest
The farmer-lad, with noisy hail,
Spies quick as thought the speckled breast.
And low and sweet the echoes call;
While from the blue sky overhead,
In mellow radiance flooding all,
The golden light of peace is shed.

N. G. Shepherd.

A GEM IN THE ROUGH.

"During the time that elapsed between their occupation of this advanced ground and the construction of rifle-pits necessary for their protection our men suffered considerably from sharp-shooters. One incident of yesterday, the 23d, deserves especial mention. As Captain Fielding, of the —th Massachusetts, was directing the movements of a portion of his command, detached for special duty, his commanding figure proved a tempting mark for a sharp-shooter from the enemy's works. Just at the critical moment the quick eye of Sergeant William Harper discovered the danger. Quick as thought he threw himself in front of Captain Fielding, pushing him violently aside, and at the same instant received in his own brain the ball destined for his superior officer. When taken up he retained sufficient consciousness to send some brief messages to friends, but soon became insensible, and survived only a few hours. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

Such was the paragraph from a Vicksburg letter which riveted my eye on one day of that never-to-be-forgotten summer of 1863, just after the news of our brilliant though long delayed successes came to crown the national anniversary with new thanksgiving. Such an instance of heroic devotion and sublime self-sacrifice must have moved the most careless reader; but for me the simple story held a tragedy no less real and intense because partially unexpressed. William Harper had been my friend and classmate in the old days at Cambridge. Perhaps no other had known him as I had done; not so much from any innate reserve in his constitution, making him shrink from generous confidence, as because few cared to penetrate the unattractive exterior which concealed a true and noble spirit.

Philosophers tell us, and without their aid our own observation as well, that the soul is in a sense the architect of its own tenement, so moulding the plastic clay of face and form that every line and feature becomes at length only the exponent of some particular habit of thought or phase of character. Perhaps this, like some other general rules, is to be proved by its exceptions, for never were there two more ill-assorted associates than the William Harper whom I knew and loved and the bodily and tangible presence that represented him to our senses.

In figure he was tall and ungainly, moving with an ungraceful appearance of being loosely put together. Over his high, prominent forehead hung straggling locks of thin, light hair, and, except at rare times of strong excitement, his blue [illegible] were absolutely lustreless. No flexile line [illegible] no clean-cut arch of brow redeemed his almost repulsive plainness, or hinted at the refinement of his inner life. Yet he was at heart an idealist—a dreamer; his instincts tender and loving as a child's; his whole being alive with the keenest appreciation of the true and beautiful every where. A true child of Nature, she alone understood him with maternal instinct, took him to her heart and showed him her secrets, transfiguring him in the light of her own beauty. A shell, a flower, a spray of autumn leaves, the shifting tint and outline of a cloud were to him a revelation of wonderful beauty and an inspiration of inexpressible joy. His college themes, written in a light running hand, like a girl's, were full of quaint fancies, blossoming not infrequently into rhyme, like "flowers on furze." He found his greatest pleasure in doing any little acts of kindness in his power—awkwardly rendered sometimes, but not the less spontaneous and heart-felt.

Such was the man of whose life the last act had been to yield it up for another, unasked, in front of the beleagured Southern city. I have no long story to tell of him, only to recall the life of a summer that is passed away, so rounding into more perfect outline the fragmentary sketch of the war-correspondent, and in the light of that vanished past making his last

> "Generous deed, heroic deed,
> Come forth, be respected."

It was in our junior year that I came to know him well. He was a careful student in every department, showing by his conscientious application the thorough appreciation of a poor boy, who had worked his own way up to long-coveted opportunities, but in languages and natural science he was an enthusiast. His eager *penchant* toward these branches was the complement of my own more sober mathematical proclivities, and so the hours in which we read together became a source of mutual profit and delight. Then, too, the long walks which I had taken daily, more out of duty than inclination, what new vitality they seemed to infuse through heart and head when he came to share them, both as companion of the way and interpreter of nature in her changing moods. The thoughts which others called "Old Harper's oddities" had for me an unfailing piquancy and charm, and by degrees he lost all restraint with me, and the unique images of his brain clothed themselves in verbal form and stood forth not ashamed.

One particular Saturday afternoon stroll through Mount Auburn comes to me very clearly now, perhaps because then and there was the beginning of the slender thread of story, on which I have thought to string these scattering reminiscences of my dead friend.

"How quietly they sleep!" he said, as we walked slowly along the shady avenues, "the shadows of the leaves chasing each other over the marble, are the only symbol of unrest. And yet through what depths of passion and pain, through what labyrinths of vain endeavor, they came—as we all shall come at last—to *this*." Then changing the thought with characteristic suddenness, he went on: "George, when I see the tender grass and clinging mosses creeping already over these new graves, I like to fancy that this loving endeavor to heal and smooth away these scars from the bosom of earth is something more than a mere blind prompting of nature. Fasten a pebble to a sapling, and watch day by day through every straining fibre the alert effort to raise its weighted head to the sunlight again; see the leaves play with the breeze, or tremble out their indescribable reply to the soft plash of summer rain; look at the elms tossing their long branches in the fierce excitement of the tempest—does not all this seem like more than mere insensate vitality?"

He paused a moment, then he said with a half smile,

"May I follow my dream still farther, and charging back all pain upon man, the prime sinner, say that only such of these plants as are destroyed by human hands, for bad purposes, suffer in perishing? If this *were* true, what must have been the unspeakable horror and recoil of the tree, from whose bleeding trunk was hewn the cross of the Lord of all?"

There was such a tremor of earnestness in his voice that I could not smile at the strange conceit, and we walked silently toward and into the little cemetery chapel.

Another group was there before us. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave stood looking at the statuary, and with them a young lady, whom I thought a stranger at first glance, but as she turned toward us I recognized her as Margaret Ware, a niece of the Hargraves, whom I had met when yet a child one summer at the sea-side. Strangely lovely even in her budding girlhood, these few years had developed her to almost matchless perfection. I shall not try to describe her, for no mere mechanical inventory of features could make that radiant beauty live and breathe before you. I have seen other faces as faultless, but never one so vivified with a subtle inner radiance, making one look not at but through it into the very presence-chamber of the soul.

Mr. Hargrave stepped forward with a pleasant greeting. I renewed my acquaintance with Miss Ware, and presented my friend. Poor Will was always diffident enough, but even I was scarcely prepared for the vivid crimson that shot over his whole face, and the few stammered words that accompanied his awkward bow. I saw Mrs. Hargrave dart a look of involuntary inquiry at me; but if Miss Ware thought my friend an uncivilized boor, she was too sweetly and truly a lady to allow the feeling to mirror itself a moment in her face. As soon as possible, out of sheer pity, I drew Will away, but I tried vainly to engage him in cheerful conversation. Through all our homeward walk he was silent and abstracted, only recovering something of his usual manner at parting.

A few days afterward the Hargraves issued invitations to a little reception, given on Miss Ware's account. Harper, greatly to his own surprise, received a card.

"How strange, George!" he said; "you know I have never spent an evening out in Cambridge—or any where else!" he added, with a half laugh, and one of his quick, girlish blushes.

It was true enough; the unequal struggle with poverty, waged from his earliest years, had left the shy, country-born youth no time even for such "society" as had been accessible to him.

"What shall I do, George? I'm not fit to go. What must she—" He stopped suddenly, his cheek flushing again, then turning to me quickly, "You were miserably ashamed of me that day at Mount Auburn?"

"Will Harper," I said, "you ought to know me better. You are easily embarrassed, I know, but how are you to overcome the tendency without accustoming yourself to company? Go by all means—forget yourself as much as possible—be natural—no more is required."

His brow cleared, and I saw that he had really wished to go, and needed only a word of encouragement to aid his decision.

"I think you are right," he said. "I will try it."

The expected evening came, but a throbbing headache kept me in my room, and Will made his *début* into Cambridge circles alone. I have an indistinct recollection of some days of suffering that followed—of being carried by slow stages to my country home; then comes a long blank. They tell me that I lay for weeks at the point of death, and I know that I rose from my sick-bed the emaciated shadow of myself. Months passed before I was strong enough to think of resuming my studies. Harper wrote to me occasionally rambling, affectionate epistles, like himself, and yet pervaded with a subtle exhilaration as of one lifted above the common plains of life into the regions of a purer atmosphere. I read and wondered sometimes, yet no allusion gave me a clew to the change.

He met me on my return to college with extravagant demonstrations of delight, actually kissing me on the lips.

"How well you look, my dear old boy!" I said, noting his eager face. "You have not pined for me, I think."

"Ah! but I have, George; I have wanted you more than you know."

Harry Carlton came to my room that evening and regaled me with the latest college news.

"You've seen Harper, of course?" he said. "Did you ever see a fellow more changed?"

"I *did* notice something—he looks happier, I think."

"He's in love! Capital, isn't it?" And Harry laughed in a way I did not like.

"Why not?" I said, smothering my surprise and curiosity.

"Why, no reason, of course," was the slightly disconcerted answer, "only it strikes one queerly someway. Let me see—the Hargraves gave that little party for Maggie Ware the same night you were taken ill, did they not? And Harper was invited, you know, and went, though we all wondered. Well, Maynard was there, and he said it was the most wonderful thing to see how Miss Ware brought Harper out that evening. She actually looked him up, as he stood against the wall in his queer, bashful way, and put him at his ease, and made him talk after the most unheard-of fashion. There never was any thing like it, Maynard said; and so that was the beginning. They have met a few times since, for, the ice once broken, Harper did not go back wholly to his old recluse ways. I don't think Miss Ware is a coquette, and yet she led him on strangely for a time, listening to his odd speeches with a grave earnestness in that splendid face of hers that would have turned a stronger head than 'old Harper's.' Every body can see with half an eye that he worships the very ground she treads on, and yet no one but he is so blind as not to know that Fielding will win her. An odd pair of rivals, Forsyth Fielding and 'old Harper,' eh, George?"

Harry's careless words moved me far more than he suspected. Here, then, was my poor friend's secret. In the light of this new revelation how clear were many portions of his letters that had puzzled me to understand! Knowing as I did the depth and intensity of his nature, and its terrible capacity for pain and despair, I trembled to think of the inevitable hour that would shatter his dream. Ought I not to speak to him—to warn him of his danger? Was it not too late already to avert in the smallest measure the crushing weight of disappointment? These questions and many more I asked myself when alone without being able to find any satisfactory reply.

But the revelation of his fate was nearer than I imagined. It came at a soirée given to our class by a member of the faculty.

The evening was sultry and the air of the parlors oppressive. Not fully strong yet from my illness, the heat affected me to dizziness, and I stepped quietly through an open door leading upon a vine-covered veranda. The sound of voices came to me through the lattice, and the leaves rustled as two figures moved slowly along the garden walk in the moonlight. I was not an intentional listener, but as I leaned against a pillar, almost too faint to stand, I heard these words in Maggie Ware's voice:

"I grieve for one thing, Forsyth, and all the more keenly now that you and I are so happy. It is a strange thing for a girl to say, but surely I need have no secrets from *you*—and I am so sure that poor Mr. Harper loves me; and, more than that, it is I who have been at fault. I pitied his painful shyness so much when I happened to meet him one day that I begged Aunt Emma to invite him to our house, and I tried so much whenever I saw him to make him feel happy and at home. I never dreamed that he would think any thing more than common courtesy prompted the little attention I paid to him. I was taken wholly by surprise when I recognized in his manner a deeper interest in me than I wished—I could not believe it at first. You know, Forsyth, it seems so strange to think of him in the light of a lover; but I am sure of it now, though not a syllable has passed his lips to that import."

"Don't give yourself a moment's pain, my darling." It was Forsyth Fielding who answered. "Surely you can not be blamed for being lovable; and if 'old Harper' absurdly dared to think that you could care for him, he must pay the penalty of his rashness."

"Don't speak so, Forsyth dear! Forgive me; but if you and he were to exchange places he would not speak like that of you, I think. The utter impossibility of ever *loving* any one like him does not prevent my seeing how truly noble and good he is, and how much to be pitied for—"

The voice grew indistinct; I heard a slight sound beside me, and turned only to start back again with a smothered exclamation of dismay. There stood Harper, every feature rigid and motionless as if cut in marble, the last vestige of color gone from his face, and the look of a sleep-walker in his eyes. "Will," I said, laying my hand beseechingly on his shoulder, "Will!" He caught his breath with a dry sob.

"I—I am not well," he said, slowly; "I think I will go home."

"Dear old Will," I said, with the tears rolling down my face, "let me go with you."

"No," he answered, shaking off my hand, almost fiercely. "Let me alone to-night!" and so strode with uncovered head into the darkness.

I went back to the gayly lighted room, weary and stunned. Forsyth Fielding stood under the chandelier, with Miss Ware on his arm. I had never seen him so brilliant, so utterly self-poised as now, and the contrast between his royal presence and the haggard face that had just looked at me through the dim light of the porch made me sick at heart.

The next morning brought my poor friend to my room. Deep, discolored hollows about his eyes told that he had not slept. He grasped my hand, trying to smile. "Dear George," he said, "I was hasty last night—forgive me. You have been the best friend I ever had—you love me well enough never to speak to me of—of what we heard last night. The past is dead—God alone can help me to bury it out of my sight."

That was all. He went back to his books and his old retirement with no outward change, except some new, deep lines in his pale face, and an expression of enduring patience in his eyes that must have had its source in higher than human aid. In all that last year of our college life I never heard Miss Ware's name cross his lips.

At the commencement of the war it seemed a strange freak of fate that enlisted him a private in Captain Forsyth Fielding's company—I wondered when I heard it, but I think now that his own purpose was clear and defined through all.

"Is there *nothing* I can do for you? Have you no messages to send? Oh, Harper! you have saved my life and you are dying!" said Forsyth Fielding, the tears raining down his bronzed face, as he held the poor shattered head against his breast.

"Tell my mother that I was not afraid to die, and"—the blue eyes opened wide and clear as if looking already out of the world beyond this—"tell *her* that I sent her the only gift she could ever take at my hand—*your life*."

Those were the last words "old Harper" ever spoke.

THE HALO ROUND THE MOON.

When my first kiss on those pure lips
I fondly pressed, and motionless
We stood with wreathed finger-tips
And eyes that swam with love's excess,
You said you feared the omen dark
That threatened us with storm full soon,
And half in jest you made me mark
The halo round the moon.

"Then dare it with me, love!" I said,
"And meet it smiling then, as now;
Shall sorrow's shadow bow the head
That sorrow's self should never bow?
What follows darkness but the day?
What dwells behind each night but noon,
Whose laughing sun shall chase away
The halo round the moon?"

And now that time has only shown
How brief life's storms when dauntless met,
And every envious year that's flown
Has knit our hearts but closer yet:
How memory holds that night endeared
We asked of fate no further boon,
But dared the augury, nor feared
The halo round the moon.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER III.

KILCLARE.

Kilclare is, or was at the time of my story, one of the prettiest and pleasantest towns in the south of Ireland. The river Clare flows past it, and falls into the sea a few miles below the town. But though so near the end of its course, it has none of that dreary and wide-spread desolation which often attends the last few miles of a river's journey to the great deep. It runs through a wide channel, between high rocky banks, at a short distance before reaching Kilclare; and these rocks are mottled with patches of bright green turf, and decked with a luxuriant variety of creeping plants, with here and there a tall tree of some hardy species clasping its roots into the crevices of the stone, and bending down toward the water's edge like some wild creature stretching its graceful neck to drink. A mile or so above the town the river is spanned by a long wooden bridge, approached at each end by a sharp declivity. On a sudden hill—little more, in fact, than a high knoll—on the opposite side of the Clare to the town, stands the ruin of a feudal castle, with its tall, solitary round tower relieved against the sky, like some lone sentinel who has climbed to that vantage-ground to keep watch and ward over the city.

Beautiful river Clare! I know few scenes more lovely than that which is beheld by one standing on your old wooden bridge and gazing up stream at your winding course. Most beautiful it is, on a fine summer evening, when the daylight, flushed with slumber, shuts its eyes in the west, and the first star comes out into the pale green sky and trembles with its pure lustre upon the hoary brow of the old ruined tower. The water washes with a sleepy, inarticulate babble against the pebbly beach; the bats begin their rapid elfin flight, and brush so near that one can see their weird faces and bead-like eyes as they wheel past; and the fragrant breath of a turf fire curls slowly upward into the still twilight heavens.

Beautiful river Clare! My benison be upon thee in thy dark green depths and in thy sparkling shallows; whether thy waters flow all molten gold beneath the noonday sun, or tremble onward in the moonlight, like a silver banner, barred with sable shadows; or lie dreaming in some still pool with one beloved star upon their glassy bosom. My benison be upon thee, lovely Clare, for all the glad abundance of thy beauty, and for the images of those dear days that, with the eyes of fond remembrance, I see reflected in thy tranquil face!

Although Mabel Earnshaw had no such recollections to endear the scene to her, she nevertheless perceived it to be very fair when she first caught a glimpse of it on approaching Kilclare. The mail-coach from Ballyhacket—at which point, in those days, the line of railway from Dublin terminated—came spinning down the steep hill, swung round the sharp corner at the base of the old castle, and rattled over the long wooden bridge at a reckless pace, that made the crazy planks start and clatter under the horses' hoofs. Then, came about two miles of level road leading past some scattered country houses of rather dilapidated aspect, and one lodge gate through which a fine avenue might be seen; then, a few cottages of the humbler sort; then, little, straggling shops; then, one or two good dwelling-houses, more shops; and at last, at a point where the street suddenly narrowed very much, the driver pulled up his smoking team before the door of a large inn, and they were at their journey's end.

Mabel and her aunt alighted from the interior of the coach, and Jack scrambled down from the outside. "Here we are, Mabel!" said he, gayly. "Rather a closeish shave coming round that corner before the bridge, wasn't it? I hope you were not very much frightened. Give me your shawl and bag, mother. That's it. Halloa! There's Biddy, bless her old heart. How are you, Biddy? Here's my mother and the young lady."

A clean, apple-faced old woman, in a great mob cap, came up to Mrs. Walton, with abundance of smiles and courtesys, and bade her heartily welcome to the "ould town" again. "I've got every thing ready for yez," said she; "ye'd betther step across at onst, ma'am, and Teddy and one of the boys 'ull whip over the boxes. Don't be standing here in the sthreet, ma'am dear, and both of yez tired and hungry. Sure the things 'ull be all right enough. This way, miss, 'tis just across the sthreet there." The old woman took Mabel's traveling-bag from her arm, in spite of the latter's remonstrances, and trotted on before them with wonderful briskness.

"That is our landlady," Aunt Mary explained to Mabel, "Mrs. Bridget Bonny, the best old soul in the world. I've lodged in her house three seasons. That is the place, over the shoemaker's shop, and that nice cheerful bow-window belongs to our sitting-room. It isn't grand, Mabel, but it's very comfortable, and exquisitely clean."

Mrs. Bonny entered the house by a narrow door at the side of the shop, which she always proudly spoke of as the "*private* enthrance," though, as it was exceedingly strait and inconvenient, visitors after one or two trials usually abandoned that mode of ingress and walked humbly and comfortably through the shop. Mabel and Mrs. Walton followed her up stairs into the front sitting-room with the bow-window. It was a very cheerful room, looking into the main street of the town; its furniture was covered with a gay-patterned chintz; and the carpet, if not very rich in quality, was adorned with a lavish variety of colors. Every thing was bright, neat, and admirably clean. At one end of the table, covered with a snowy cloth, tea-things were set forth.

"I thought, maybe, ye'd loike a cup of tay as well as any thing afther yer journey," said Biddy. "An' I've got a roast fowl for yez and a rasher of bacon. It'll be all ready in half a jiffy, ma'am. Sit down on the sophy and rest. Sure it's half dead they must be, the craythurs!"

Although by no means in so exhausted a state as old Biddy appeared to suppose, the travelers were yet sufficiently fatigued and hungry to enjoy sitting comfortably in a less cramped posture than had been possible in the coach, and to be prepared to do justice to the excellent meal which was presently set before them.

"What a dear old creature Mrs. Bonny is!" said Mabel, when they were all seated at table.

"Mrs. who?" cried Jack, looking up from the plateful of broiled bacon that he was discussing with infinite relish.

"Mrs. Bonny, the landlady!"

"Oh, Biddy! I never heard any human being call her by her husband's name before. And I got a confused idea in my mind that old Bonny must suddenly have committed bigamy!"

"Jack," said his mother, "you're a gander. But Mabel's quite right. Biddy is a pearl of price. I don't know a better, honester, harder-working woman than Biddy Bonny."

Then Aunt Mary went on to explain something of Biddy's history and family.

Old Joe Bonny was her second husband. Her first husband had been a widower with one son when she married him. This son, Teddy Molloy, was a shoemaker by trade, and rented the shop in which he worked of his step-mother; himself and his young wife inhabiting a separate dwelling-house. Joe Bonny was an Englishman, and though an old man nearer to eighty than to seventy years of age, had only given up his work during the last five years.

"And a nice time Biddy has of it with him," observed Jack. "He is the crustiest old file! He was a navigator. Not Captain Cook, you know, but a 'pickaxe and a spade—a spade,' and that kind of thing. I believe that he hasn't two consecutive inches of unbroken bone in his body. He has fractured both his arms, both his legs, all his ribs, and cracked his skull and collar-bone in several places. And as to his hands! Well, as well as I can remember, he has at the present moment only two fingers and half a thumb in working order."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Upon my word I am stating very nearly the literal fact. He has been broken and mended again in every possible and impossible place; but he don't seem much the worse for it as regards his general constitution. Only he finds time hang heavy on his hands; so he sits and smokes in the chimney-corner and consoles himself by growling at Biddy, and abusing the Irish."

"What a dreadful old man!" cried Mabel, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, he has his good points too, has old Joe. He is thoroughly honest, and has a kind of bull-dog fidelity about him. But I must be off to the theatre and see what's going on there. They open on Monday, and I dare say there will be lots of things to touch up in the scenery. Any commands, mother?"

"Give my kind remembrances to Mr. Moffatt if you see him, and ask what the Call is for Saturday, and see that some arrangement is made for Mabel to dress in the same room with me, and come back time enough to post a letter that I'm going to write to father before the evening mail is made up. That's all, Jack."

"I'll not fail, mother. And Mabel, if you want assistance in uncording or unpacking, or any matter in which a fair amount of brute force is desirable unadulterated by any intellectual element, I shall be happy to put myself at your service."

"Thank you, Jack; but I am in no need of a Caliban, and I think that's about what you have made yourself out to be."

So Jack, making the house ring with a peal of boyish laughter, ran down stairs and betook himself to the theatre.

Mrs. Walton's first care was to write a few lines to her husband, which would be read to him by Janet; and then she and Mabel proceeded to busy themselves in unpacking and laying out their stage dresses, chatting all the time. For, as Mabel was to occupy a small room opening out of her aunt's bedchamber, by leaving the door of communication open they were able to talk together uninterruptedly.

The wardrobes of Mrs. Walton and her niece were neither extensive nor splendid; but allowing for the necessary amount of paste and tinsel—for these stage queens wear a good deal of mock jewelry: unlike the real reigning queens of society, who never by any chance wear any thing false, and who are well known to abhor shams in every department—they were good and picturesque, and made with exquisite neatness. Jack's artistic aid was often called in to devise effective shapes and contrasts of color, and then Polly's nimble fingers went to work and carried out his ideas with wonderful dexterity. Polly, indeed, was endowed with that talent for all branches of needle-work which appears to be a positive inspiration with some women; and as she was remarkable also for personal neatness and the care she took of her clothes, the inheritance which Mabel had come into of her cousin's theatrical costumes was by no means a despicable one.

"What pretty lace this is round the black velvet jacket, Aunt Mary!" called out Mabel from her room. She was contemplating the costumes spread out on her bed with secret delight. At seventeen one may still take pleasure in that source of happiness known to children as "dressing up."

"Oh yes," answered Aunt Mary, shaking out a brocaded satin petticoat from its creases, "that's real point, Mabel, and remarkably fine old lace. I gave it to Polly years ago. It was part of the wedding-dress of Uncle John's and of course also your father's great-aunt; but if you want to see fine old lace you must coax Mrs. Darling to show you *her* store."

"Mrs. Darling?"

"Our first old woman. She is the strangest old body you can fancy; but she has a wonderful wardrobe—such antique brocades, high-heeled shoes, fans, buckles, flowered satins, such as they don't make nowadays, and, above all, such lace! I believe that she would not sell a yard of it to save her life; and some of it is of considerable value."

"Do you know all the other members of the company, Aunt Mary?"

"Why, yes: most of them, I believe. There are the Copestakes, husband and wife; he plays the heavy business, and she second old women, or whatever is wanted. Then there are Mr. Moffatt himself and his daughter; Miss Lydia St. Aubert, the leading lady; old Shaw, the first old man—his real name is O'Shaughnessy, but he always denies being an Irishman; I'm sure I don't know why—and one or two more. I'm not at all clever at describing people; but you will very soon find them out for yourself."

In the evening Jack returned, and, having posted his mother's letter, came back to give an account of what he had heard and done at the theatre.

"Here's the bill of the first night," said he, pulling from his pocket a long narrow play-bill, still reeking with damp printer's ink. "We open with Macbeth, you see."

"Yes; I knew that was to be the first piece. And the farce is the Two Gregorys."

"There's a list of the company, Mabel. No stars. Moffatt entirely objects to the starring system. He won't even give Miss St. Aubert, who is a great favorite here, a line to herself in the bill. He says it would be invidious to the rest of the company."

Mabel [illegible] her eyes over a number of names printed in a double line at the head of the bill. First came Mr. Moffatt's name in very large letters. "That's because he's the manager, you know," explained Jack. But by-and-by the name occurred again in a preliminary address, or opening flourish, setting forth to the inhabitants of Kilclare at what vast trouble and expense Mr. Moffatt had succeeded in getting together a company of artists "culled from the principal members of the leading provincial and metropolitan theatres."

"Mr. Moffatt's name is in very conspicuous capitals here too," observed Mabel.

"Ah, yes—well—of course, you see, he likes to have a little pull over the others. It makes the people fancy him a big man."

"And here, too, Miss Moffatt's name is quite striking in the size of its letters."

"Well, you know she's his daughter, and, of course—"

Mabel could not help recalling La Fontaine's fable, in which the lion hunts with the heifer, the goat, and the sheep, in a quadruple partnership; but when it comes to the division of the spoil, the king of beasts, having found good and sufficient reasons for taking three-fourths to his own share, puts his paw on the sole remaining portion, and simply announces that as to *that* quarter, should any one offer to touch it he will be strangled without more ado.

"Who is this lady?" asked Mabel, pointing to a name in the list.

"Ah! Who should you think, now?"

Mabel colored, and said, hesitatingly, "Is it—it isn't—I?"

"Yes, it is, though. That is my idea. Nobody had ever thought of a name for you."

"I should not have been ashamed of my own."

"Well, you can take it afterward, if you like. But, for the present, there you are, transformed from Mabel into Miss M. A. Bell! I thought it ingenious; but if you don't approve—"

"Oh no, dear Jack. It will do beautifully! And when I said I should not be ashamed of my own name, I didn't think of Aunt Mary's having generously given up the name she had a right to bear to spare a selfish pride. But I should think there's no one left now to whom it matters very much whether I am Miss Earnshaw or Miss M. A. Bell in the play-bill."

"The call is at ten, in the green-room, for the music of Macbeth, and at eleven on the stage. Every body."

"I'm so glad I have nothing to do the first night but go on as a witch. I shall get a little accustomed to the look of the theatre. But I shall feel very shy at first among all the actors and actresses."

"It isn't a very big '*all*.' Courage, Miss M. A. Bell! Good-night; and get a good rest to prepare yourself for to-morrow."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

THE Theatre Royal, Kilclare, stood in a retired and obscure part of the town, at the end of a dismal narrow street, one side of which consisted of a dead wall which bounded the large gardens of a Protestant clergyman, while the opposite side was partly formed by the high, blank, nearly windowless buildings of the back portion of a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Its front was adorned with a stumpy little portico supported by brick pillars, on each of which now hung a large green bill (technically termed a poster), setting forth, with a lavish expenditure of printer's ink, the intellectual feast that awaited the Kilclare play-goers within the building. I am too ignorant of architecture to be able to assign the theatre to any recognized "order." Perhaps it belonged to none. But it had two elements which I am told are indispensable to great architectural effects; breadth and simplicity. It was very wide, and its sole ornament was a wash of pale yellow ochre, which covered the whole surface, including the brick pillars of the portico. Beneath the portico were two green doors, one giving access to the pit, and the other to the boxes. The gallery entrance was at the back. At the back, also, in a lane that was always very muddy in winter and very dusty in summer, was the stage door. Mysterious portal, giving access to a realm of unknown enchantments, round which the little boys of Kilclare—the shod and the shoeless united in one crowd by the common instinct strong in little boys to do whatever they are expressly bidden to abstain from doing; which instinct, as we all know, is quite peculiar to little boys, and is never, never found to survive in big boys—would congregate for hours, peeping and watching, and listening with breathless interest to any sound of voices that might reach their ears from the interior. Occasionally the little crowd would be routed and sent flying in various directions by a vigorous sortie on the part of the stage carpenter; a very irascible personage, who would come out, hammer in hand, growling and swearing in a manner that was rendered inarticulately terrible by reason of his mouth being full of tin tacks.

But the boys invariably reassembled very shortly, and there Mabel found them when, on Saturday morning, she accompanied her aunt and Jack to rehearsal.

"Take care, Mabel," said Jack. "You'd better give me your hand; it's very dark. Shall I help you, mother?"

"No, no. I know the way of old. Look after Mabel; I can take care of myself."

Cautiously and slowly, for to eyes just come from the outer daylight the way was absolutely pitch-dark, Mabel followed her cousin, and, ascending a short flight of rickety wooden stairs, passed through a heavy swing door, which he held open for her, and stood behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare.

The interior of a theatre by day was no new scene to Mabel Earnshaw, although she had not been in one, except as a spectator, for more than six years. The Kilclare theatre was, of course, very small and very shabby; but the shape of the audience-part of the house was good, and the stage very spacious for the size of the whole building. Potter, the irascible carpenter, was hammering away at the portcullis of Macbeth's castle, and the property-man, Nix—who was also the messenger, bill-deliverer, armorer, and general factotum of the establishment, besides personating all the invisible excited multitudes and leading the huzzas of enthusiasm and the groans of disaffection at the wing—was communicating a lurid glare to the painted flames beneath the witches' caldron by means of a judicious distribution of little bits of red foil. From the green-room came the thin tones of a fiddle.

"Oh, Mr. Trescott is here already, I hear," said Mrs. Walton. "He's always punctual."

Mabel followed her aunt into a long uncarpeted room, with seats fixed all around the wall, and the lower halves of the windows whitewashed to exclude prying eyes. In one corner stood a bundle of spears, with tin tops, and a crimson calico banner. There were also two cane hoops, partially hidden by garlands of pink and white paper flowers, which had figured in some rural merry-making last season, and which, having remained there ever since, were now covered with a thick coating of dust.

About one-third of the extent of the room was taken up by a temporary construction made of scraps of old scenery to form a dressing-room; the accommodation of that kind in the Kilclare theatre having been originally provided on too scanty a scale even for Mr. Moffatt's small company of performers.

On the wooden chimney-piece stood a white earthenware jug full of cold water and a tumbler; over it hung a board covered with what had once been crimson cloth, but which had now faded into a dusty reddish brown; stuck on to this board with pins were two or three scraps of paper containing "calls" and "notices:" announcements; that is to say, of the hours of rehearsal, and the pieces to be performed during the week.

Such was the aspect of the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare. When Mrs. Walton and Mabel entered it, it was occupied by two persons. One was Mr. Trescott, who, violin in hand, was limping up and down, occasionally playing a bar or two, and carelessly rasping out a few chords. The other was a thin, hatchet-faced old man, with a scorbutic complexion and a curiously sour expression of countenance. He was dressed in a threadbare brown coat, coming down to his heels, and buttoned tightly across his chest. He wore a pair of large woolen gloves (although the weather was bright and warm), and in the crown of his hat, which stood on a chair beside him, was a very big blue-checked cotton pocket-handkerchief. Perhaps I should have said that the room was tenanted by *three* persons—certainly the sour-visaged old man would have said so—for, stretched at his master's feet, with his nose between his fore-paws, lay a nondescript dog, bearing more resemblance to a Scotch sheep-dog than any other breed, and who, though evidently flattering himself that the world supposed him to be buried in slumber, was regarding every thing that passed with one bright observant half-open eye. This was Lingo, Mr. Shaw's dog, companion, and only friend. Lingo's fidelity, accomplishments, sagacity, and high moral worth, were the only themes on which it was possible to elicit any thing like enthusiasm from old Jerry O'Shaughnessy, alias Shaw; but on this topic the old man would dilate for hours to a sympathetic listener. Lingo was a celebrated character in theatrical circles in Ireland, and there were mysterious rumors that Jerry Shaw believed Lingo's canine form to be animated by the spirit of a departed friend of his early life; but when such whispers reached the old man's ears he would sniff and scoff and snap in his abrupt queer way, and aver that *he* had never known any man whose virtues could compare to Lingo's, and that if such a one could be found he would cheerfully walk fifty miles barefoot to behold him.

Mrs. Walton shook hands with the two men, and then presented Mabel.

"My niece, Miss Bell," said she.

Mr. Trescott had partly advanced on seeing Mabel, and then stopped as if uncertain how to greet her; but she held out her hand at once.

"You have only known me by my true name, Mr. Trescott," she said, smiling. "It has been thought well to give me another for the present. I hope little Corda is well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Miss—a—Miss Bell. She will be so rejoiced to see you."

"Mr. Shaw, let me introduce you to my niece. A young aspirant for histrionic honors."

Mr. Shaw rose and gave his head a sudden jerk that was intended for a bow, and then sat down again. "You've chosen a bad trade, Miss," said he, encouragingly. He spoke with singular abruptness, and in short sentences, which seemed to come out of his mouth in spite of him, and which invariably ended in a prolonged sniff that wrinkled up his nose and curled his upper lip.

"I hope not," said Mabel, smiling. "My aunt has not found it so very bad. Poor old boy, poor old dog! Is he yours? May I pat him?"

"You may—if he'll let you. He won't let every body."

Lingo, however, was graciously pleased to permit Mabel's little hand to caress his rough head, and he even wagged his tail in a faint and lazy way.

"He likes her," said Mr. Shaw, turning to Mrs. Walton. "He decidedly likes her. And I tell you what, ma'am, I'd rather take his opinion than most people's. I've never known him wrong yet."

By-and-by more members of the company began to drop in, and by about a quarter past ten they were nearly all assembled. There was Miss Lydia St. Aubert, very tall, very thin, with a head too small for her height, and dark eyes too big for her face. She wore a crop of waving ringlets, and a little infantine straw bonnet, the strings of which she untied as soon as she came into the room—not that Miss Lydia St. Aubert was very young or very childish. She had a husband and three children, and had not escaped the cares of life, poor woman! But her small head and curly crop gave her a juvenile air, and she rather acted up to her appearance in private life.

There were the Copestakes, husband and wife; he about fifty years of age, she at least ten years older. They were in the last depths of shabbiness—not from destitution, for between them they earned an income more than sufficient to have kept them in respectability, but because they spent an absurdly large proportion of their weekly earnings upon eating and drinking of the most costly viands they could procure.

There was Mrs. Darling, fat and stately, with a black satin reticule full of white wool, and a pair of wooden knitting-needles, wherewith she was manufacturing some mysterious article of clothing. There was the low comedian, bitter and sententious, and remarkably neat about his gloves and boots. The walking gentleman (whose wife was a dancer), neither so young, nor so smart, nor so good-looking as he once had been, but with a great deal of elegance—in the modern comedy style—and an amazing collection of riddles culled from all the newspaper columns of "Varieties" and "Random Readings" for the last fifteen years. Last of all came in Mr. Moffatt, the manager, with his daughter on his arm, and accompanied by Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, the leading gentleman, announced in the bills as being "from the principal theatres in the United States of America."

Mr. Moffatt was very cordial in his greetings to his company—almost too cordial, in fact, for cordiality did not seem to be naturally the most striking trait in Mr. Moffatt's character, and the effect of this sudden gush of it was a little oppressive. Mr. Moffatt was short and spare, with a close-shaven face and little cold gray eyes. His voice had a covert, ill-tempered snarl in it, which was audible even in his most amiable moments. Miss Moffatt was a plump young lady—perhaps I might go so far as to say a fat young lady—with a round, fresh-colored face, wide, red-lipped mouth, turned up nose, and bright blue eyes, with a strong cast in them. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival was a tall, sallow gentleman, with a long chin and retreating forehead; and he wore a brown velvet collar to his coat, over which a gold chain was artfully disposed in many a cunning twist.

Mabel was received very graciously by Mr. Moffatt, and very condescendingly by his daughter. The latter was showily dressed, and especially reveled in bonnet-ribbon, of which she had a remarkable quantity of a very bright blue color disposed in bows upon her head-gear.

"I'm glad you're a brune," said Miss Moffatt, with elaborately fine *u* and French roll of the *r* (Miss Moffatt had been two years in a cheap boarding-school near Calais, and was a very accomplished person indeed); "so glad. Because, being a blonde myself" (the *n* here so nasal that Miss Moffatt appeared to be seized with a sudden cold in the head), "we sha'n't clash as to colors."

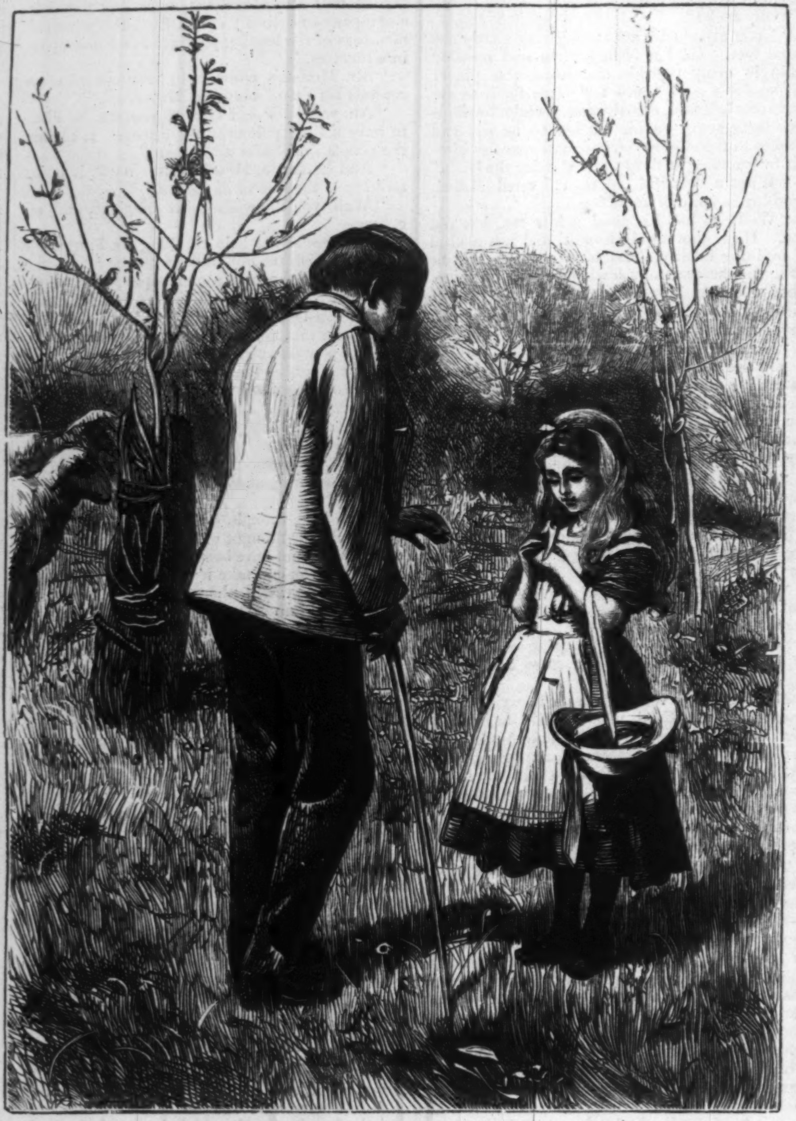
"As to colors?" said Mabel.

"Yes. I consider that so important. But one never can get the English to think of these things. For instance, when I wear blue, you, playing in the same piece, would naturally wear cerise or amber, which would go so charmingly. But the fact is, we English are *not* artistic"

"Ain't we?"

"Oh dear no. We have no goût, no finesse, no je ne sais quoi. To any one accustomed to the foreign theatres we are sadly gauche and unfinished."

"Well," rejoined Mabel, quietly, "I hope the Kilclare people have not been accustomed to the foreign theatres; and in that case they won't find us out."



"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH"

Whereupon Miss Moffatt looked a little puzzled, and held her peace.

Rap, rap, rap. Mr. Trescott knocked sharply with his bow on the table before him. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, music of Macbeth. I've been here since ten o'clock, and I can't afford to waste my time for the sake of other people who can't get up to breakfast. Now, then, if you please. First singing witch."

Miss Moffatt, who had a very high, squeaking voice, was the first singing witch, and Miss St. Aubert, who had a very deep and hollow one, sang the music of the second at the wing: it being found impossible to disguise the flowing robes of Lady Macbeth effectually by means of any cloaking or drapery.

So the rehearsal went on. The music was familiar to all, and as they most of them had tolerably correct ears, the effect was better than might have been anticipated, except that old Mrs. Copestake could not be induced to leave off as soon as she should have done, but insisted on singing the bits of symphony that ought to have been confined to the violin. Then followed the rehearsal of the tragedy on the stage. As neither Mabel nor her aunt had any thing to perform in it they returned home together, leaving Jack, in a canvas blouse bedaubed with many colors, putting the last black touches to the background of the blasted heath.

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

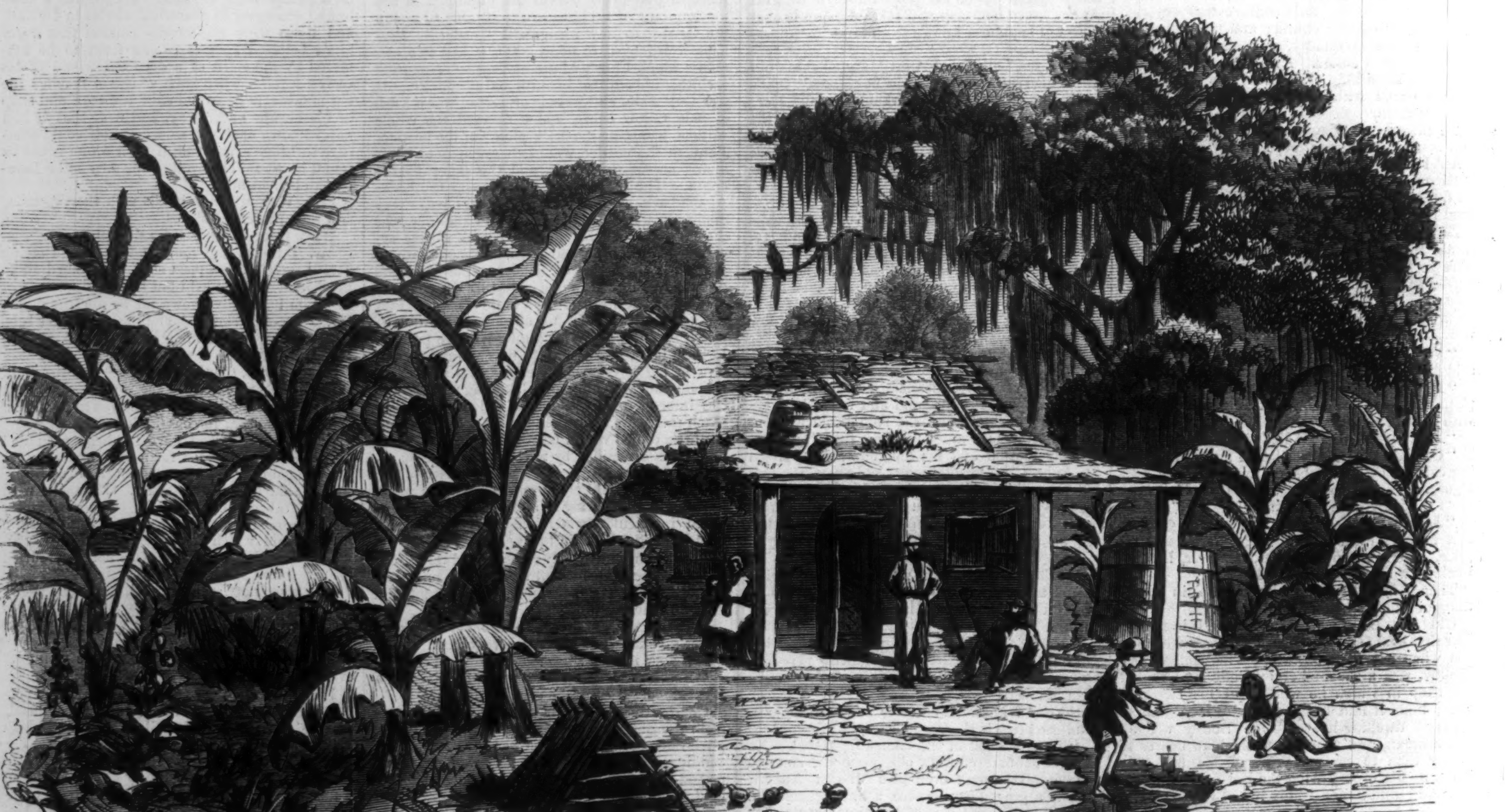
In the hand—fluttering fearfully,
  Lonely and helpless—poor little thing!
In the bush—peeping out cheerfully,
  Two together, gayly they sing.
    Why is it best to have one in the hand?
    Father, tell me—I can't understand.

Best it is because you have hold of it;
  Child, it is only a figure of speech!
Sunset shines, you look at the gold of it,
  Knowing well it is out of your reach;
    But the sixpence your godmother gave,
    Yours it is, to spend or to save.

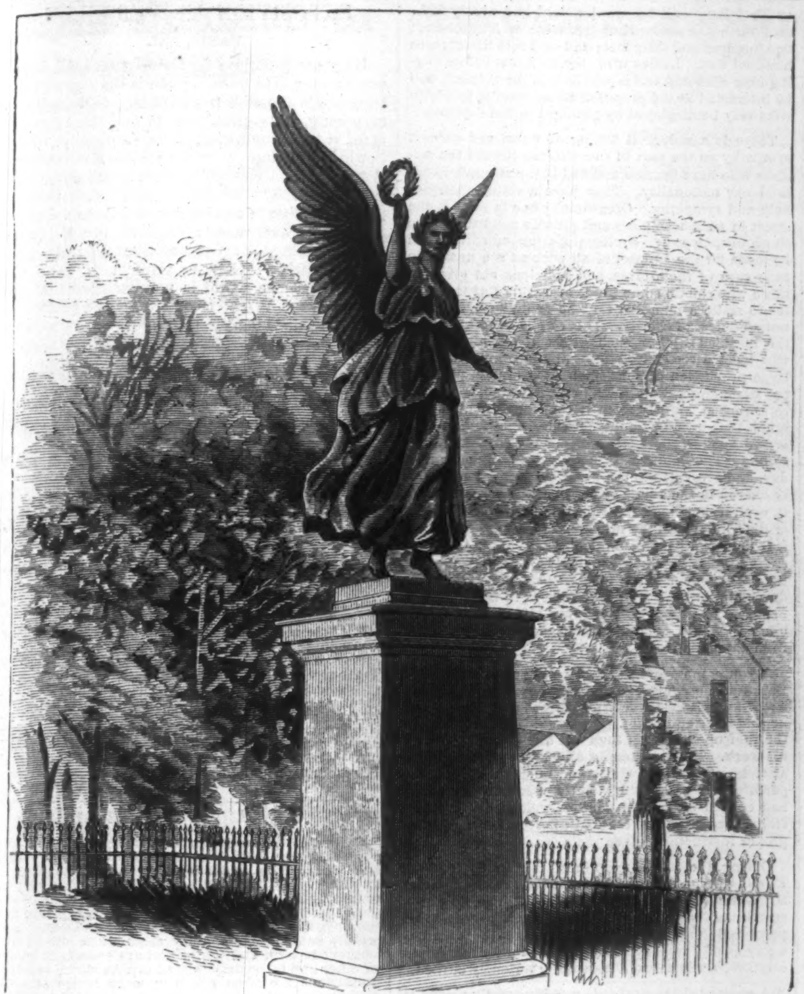
Ah, that sixpence! already I've done with it:
  Never a penny with me will stay;
If I could buy but an inch of the sun with it,
  I might look at it every day.
    Father, the birds shall stay in their nest!
    Things that we never can have are best.

ACADIAN HOMESTEAD.

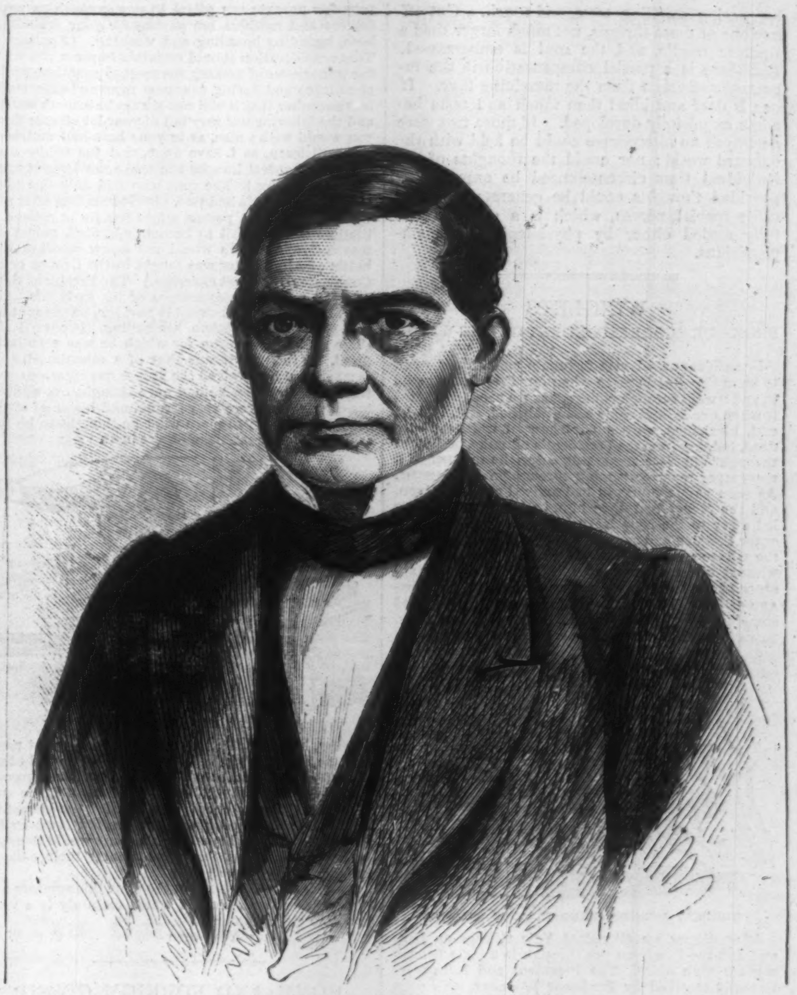
The mild climate of Western Louisiana does not necessitate a very high order of protection in building. So the poorer classes live in slight houses, usually of one story, with often no better windows than a hole with a shutter to close it at night. Surrounded by bananas and sugar-cane, the inmates lead a dreamy life, having few wants, and those easily supplied. Numbers of them suffered from the inundations of last spring; and on one occasion our artist saw a family whose escape from the flood had been secured by cutting away the walls of the house and floating off on the floor, chickens, pigs, children, and household furniture all mixed indiscriminately together.



AN ACADIAN HOMESTEAD IN LOUISIANA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



STATUE OF VICTORY.—[By Rauch.]



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

STATUE OF VICTORY.

One of the most interesting and spirited celebrations of Independence Day in New England took place in Lowell, Massachusetts. The chief feature was the dedication of the imposing statue of Victory, of which we give an engraving, and which was presented to the city by Dr. J. C. Ayer. This exquisite work of art is from the hand of Rauch, a German sculptor. The figure, placed on a chaste pedestal of granite, is nineteen feet in height, and, though of this colossal size, is light and graceful. The attitude is that of hastening to place a wreath of laurel on the brow of the victor. A sheaf of wheat, held easily in the left hand, symbolizes the still greater reward that comes with the peace which follows the triumph of the right. The statue is erected in the square containing the monument to Ladd and Whitney, the first soldiers who fell in the late war.

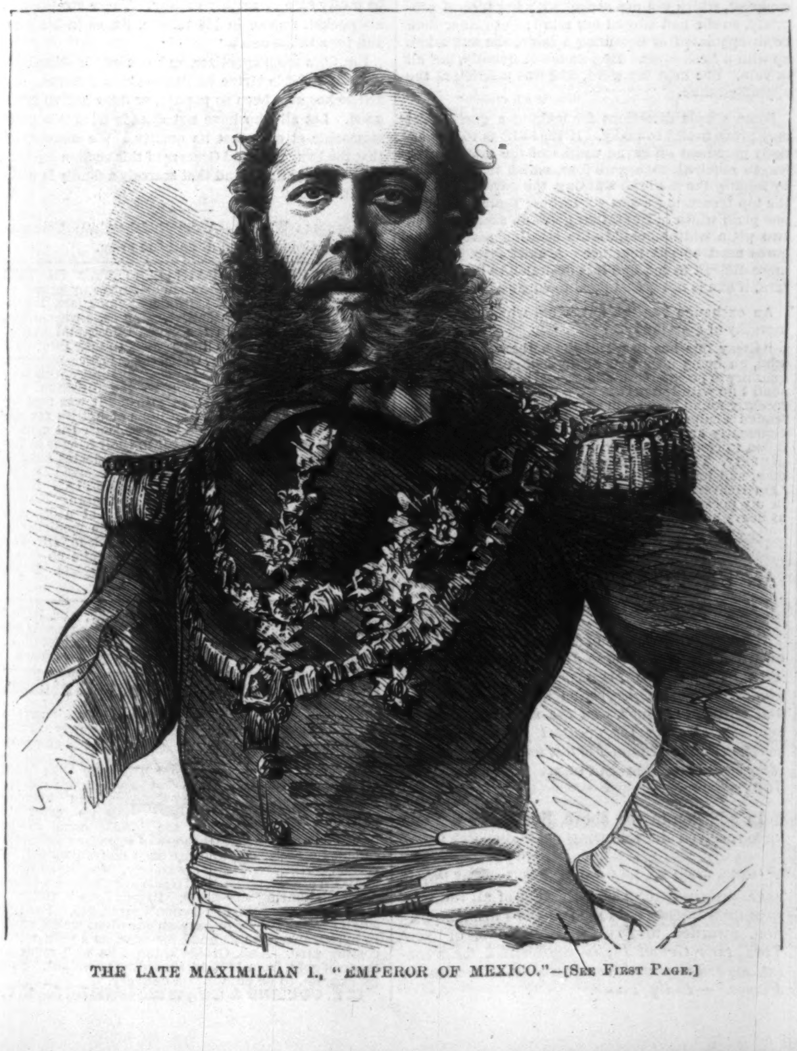
THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT.

We give on this page an accurate portrait of President Benito Juarez, who, by the fall of his two rivals—Maximilian, the leader of the Imperialists, and Santa Anna, the leader of the Church party—becomes, for a time at least, the undisputed head of the Mexican Republic. His Government is the only one which the United States has hitherto acknowledged; and to that recognition he owes much of his success in maintaining the drooping cause of his party and the republic during the long wars with the Church party in 1859–60, and against the Imperialists in 1863–67.

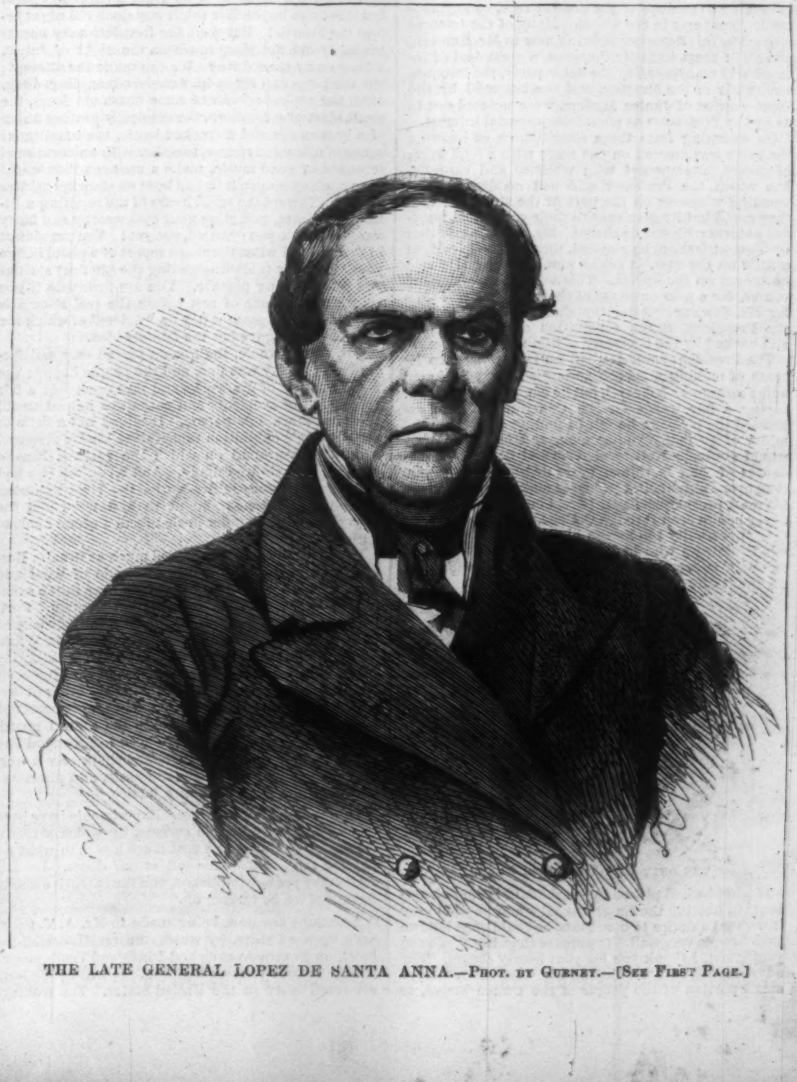
President Juarez is now about sixty years of age. He was Judge of Oajaca and a member of the Congress of Mexico in 1846, and subsequently Governor of Oajaca. When Santa Anna became Dictator, in 1853, Juarez was banished, and spent two years in this country. He joined the insurrection of Alvarez in 1855, and was Minister of Justice under his Presidency. He was Secretary of State under Comonfort, and on his overthrow succeeded him as President. Under his first term began the civil war between the Church and Liberal parties, which has continued ever since in one shape or another. The Church party, under Miramon, was defeated in 1860, and Miramon expelled. Quiet reigned for a time; Juarez was elected President for another term, and has since retained control in Mexico. The failure of the attempt of Santa Anna to revive the Church party will doubtless secure the Presidency to Juarez for another term.

BRAIN POWER.

From the brain, which the combined observations of all men in all countries concede to be the seat of intellect, there are nine small white cords on each side—making eighteen in all—through which the soul manifests its extraordinary powers, and no more. Only five on a side are the instruments of special sense—viz., hear-



THE LATE MAXIMILIAN I., "EMPEROR OF MEXICO."—[See First Page.]



THE LATE GENERAL LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.—Phot. by Gurney.—[See First Page.]

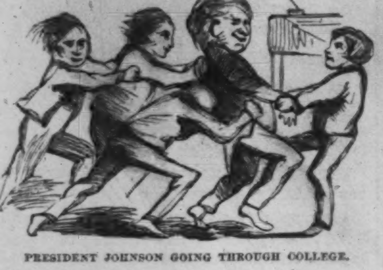
ing, seeing, smelling, taste, and touch. Cut off any one of those threads, not much larger than a cambric needle, and the soul is embarrassed. But there is a partial compensation in the increased assistance from the remaining four. If one is deaf and blind then touch and taste become exquisitely developed. If those two were destroyed no intercourse could be held with the outward world; nor could the thoughts of the individual thus circumstanced be expressed—provided thoughts could be generated without those special nerves, which is a question not fully settled either by physiologists or metaphysicians.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

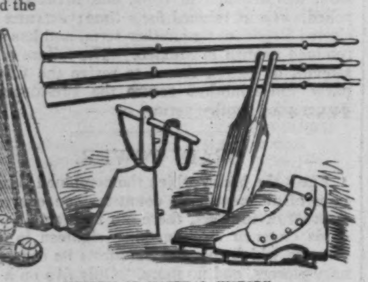
New Haven, *July* 1, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—I was fortunate enough last week to be in this classic place when our President visited it, and "went through college," as we used to express it when our fellows came home polished, and, I might add, blackened, with a fair show of whiskers. Indeed, judging from the President's remarks, he "went through" old Yale something after the manner of a newspaper reporter "going through" a gift concert. As soon as Mr. Johnson had arrived at New Haven, and the Mayor had done him, he and his suite were led away to the New Haven House to be fed. Governor English and several of the prominent people of the village were present. It was a cozy, quiet meal, without speeches, and no toasting done. The absence of the usual toast was accounted for, Mr. Seward said, by the cook being too busy. This caused some laughter by those who had never heard Mr. Seward in some of his best parts.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON GOING THROUGH COLLEGE.

After dinner we all visited Yale College on foot, and had the President put through in a style becoming his high office. The President and suite were formally received by Professor Woolsey, who commenced pulling the wool over the President's eyes in true Connecticut style. We were shown the art gallery, the library, the bowling alley, the boat-house, and the

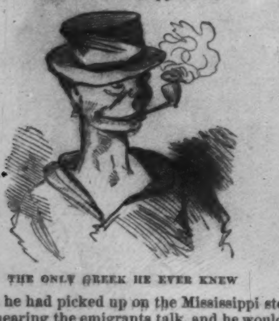


MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,

which includes among its curiosities the finest collection of bats, and the most varied assortment of sculls belonging to persons of the present race, of any anatomical academy in the States. Many of the sciences studied in this department being new to Mr. Seward, and all of them so to Mr. Johnson, a great deal of interest was manifested by the noble party, the larboard stroke oar of the *Nautilus*, and the bat used by the short-stopper of Junior Muffers, were pointed out to us by the Professors as possessing especial interest.

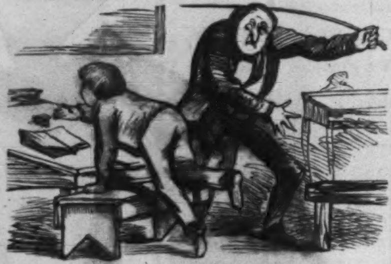
On emerging from these store-houses of learning the party was greeted on the steps with a loud burst of cheers, interspersed with whistles and cat-calls, but which the Professor said had no disrespectful meaning whatever on the part of the students; that they could hardly give vent to their young and buoyant natures with simple cheers. Mr. Seward said that the demonstration, he guessed, touched the President a little on the raw. I asked him, how so? He said he meant on the *hur-ra*. This was the occasion, of course, for a new outburst of cheering, but this time for Mr. Seward. After the cheering had subsided, the President, at the solicitation of the Professors and backed by the Secretary of State, spoke a piece.

The President said—He had no intention when he came of making a speech among so many Sophmen and Freshmores [Cheers], but he could hardly forbear saying a few words for the Constitution. He expressed the pleasure he felt in finding himself in the midst of so many young men, and he hoped they would study, and all receive several degrees, as evidences of their learning; more degrees, if possible, than ever Fahrenheit, the degree maker, attained to in his most prosperous days. [Great cheering.] He had never before been through College, and he would take this opportunity to express his thanks to the different Professors who had now so generously put him through. [Cheers.] He said he was a plebeian, and he didn't care who knew it. [Applause.]



THE ONLY GREEK HE EVER KNEW

was what he had picked up on the Mississippi steamboats in hearing the emigrants talk, and he would say it without a desire to boast that he could once imitate their brogue very well. [Immense cheering.] Young gentlemen, I thank you for your hearty cheers. The advantages you are enjoying are enjoyed by a very small portion of the people of the United States, as very few parents can afford to pay as much as your fathers and mothers are paying for your schooling here, including boarding and washing. [Applause.] This consideration should certainly impress you with the importance of making the most of your time while at college; and during your boat races and other studies remember that it will not always be smooth water, and the laboring oar may fall to your lot oftener than you would wish; also, as in your base-ball matches, you will learn, as I have done, that the fellow that gives the hardest knocks can make the longest run. [Great cheering.] The man who had only one idea was a fanatic. He had two. Self-education, after all, was the thing. A person might remain at college a lifetime and still fail to become educated, unless he was self-reliant. He would not know whether the battle of Alma Mater was fought in the Crimea or in Connecticut. [Great cheering.] The President then referred to the disadvantages of his early life. He said, in looking back over his past life, he thought he had somewhat mistaken his calling. [Cheers.] If there was any vocation for which he was peculiarly fitted, he thought it was that of a schoolmaster or teacher, had he received the proper qualifications and training; for when he had once thought out a thing his convictions were very strong, and his chief study would have been to place what he thought to be the truth before the minds of others in an



IMPRESSIVE AND FORCIBLE MANNER.

Having, however, been thrown into his present position, he had done the best he could; but he had often wished he was a schoolmaster, and that Ben. Butler came to his school. [Cheers.] He thanked the students for their kind reception, and for the attention with which they had listened to the few remarks he had to make. He hoped the students would flourish in life as did the noble elms around their college building. [Applause.]

I notice, dear *Weekly*, that the elms this summer are not attacked with worms, which certainly is a very thankful circumstance.

Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A grand national day is the Fourth of July, and right good reason have we to be proud of and celebrate it. Yet it is curious *how* we do this—curious that it is a settled and time-honored principle, accepted by all, from the minutest urchin to the old, gray-haired patriot, that *noise* is essential to the proper observance of the day. And in this respect the day commences several days before the dawning of the Fourth; it commences in a very special and definite manner about three o'clock on the afternoon of the Third. The patriotism of young America burst forth irrepressibly, even at that premature hour; and by sundown, if you chance to go out for a walk, you will not be likely to forget that "Independence Day has come." Torpedoes snap at your very toes, and crackers explode so *nearly* in your face as to startle you even if you are *not* nervous. When evening has fairly set in preliminary rockets are sent up, an inexhaustible store of crackers and torpedoes are brought forth, and outside hilarity begins in good earnest.

It may be very unpatriotic to allude to such a trivial matter on the occasion of so great a national epoch, but it is quite impossible to get any sleep the night before the Fourth! But then, the Revolutionary heroes probably did not sleep much on the night of July 3, 1776, so why should we? We can make the attempt; but the perpetual rip-ip-ip, fizze-izze-izze, ding, dong, ding, the rub-a-dub-dub of some harsh old drum, the shrill blast of a fish-horn, the comically grating union of a broken fife and a cracked banjo, the tumultuous songs of midnight rioters, together with an occasional serenade of good music, make a melange that would keep one's eyes open if he had been swallowing opiates all day. Toward the small hours of the morning a little hush comes, you close your eyes wearily and fancy sleep will visit you; but no, not yet! You are almost in dream-land when the sharp report of a pistol before your very door (notwithstanding the $10 fine) startles you into a sitting posture. You are fortunate if you secure a half hour of rest before the *real* Fourth is heralded on the *genuine* day by "noises" of which the previous night gave but the faintest idea.

But, on the whole, the Fourth passed very satisfactorily. The day was fine, and the people happy; the usual number of fire-works and *fires* occurred; a fair proportion of accidents and casualties helped to fill the next morning's papers. It added not a little to the evening's exhibition that Nature kindly prepared a dark back-ground on which the rockets, Roman candles, etc., showed finely. And when the city had expended its store of fire-works the vivid lightning flashed still through the north and west, and the heavy rumbling thunder pealed forth a grand finale to "glorious Fourth."

In sister cities the day passed much as usual. Boston, however, got up a fierce tornado of wind and dust, a hail-storm, and plenty of showers in the evening, in addition to the ordinary programme. Portland, mindful of a year ago, almost totally dispensed with India crackers and fire-works; while in Washington no incident worthy of note occurred, excepting the arrest of two patriotic members of the House for violating a city ordinance prohibiting the firing of fire-crackers in the public streets. They were marched from the scene of their crime to the central guard-house, where they would have been incarcerated had not a Senator interfered in their behalf. As it was, they were fined two dollars and costs, and dismissed with a lecture from the police justice.

This is an age of progress. Experiments have been made, with considerable success, by which artificial ice can be produced at a cost much less than what we pay for the ordinary ice left at our doors. Ice factories may yet be established, and the extensive manufacture of ice be carried on.

Additions are now being made to Mr. A. T. Stewart's up-town store, by which the remainder of the block on Fourth Avenue and Ninth and Tenth streets will be included in one building. It will be the largest retail store in the United States. The frontage on Broadway will be one hundred and ninety feet; on Fourth Avenue two hundred feet; on Ninth Street two hundred and sixty feet; and on Tenth Street three hundred feet. Ladies who like to know before buying how silks and satins will look in the evening, will be interested in the proposed arrangements by which silks may be displayed by gas-light in the daytime.

There is a universal feeling of warm and earnest sympathy on the part of our citizens toward the soldiers who have become maimed in the struggle to uphold our nationality. They have a claim upon our help and sympathy. Occasionally one is seen in the street in such a helpless and pitiable condition as to shock the passer-by. Systematic arrangements should be made for the support of all such as are unable to take care of themselves, and judicious aid given to those who can do some kinds of work. But it is better to make a man feel that he is independent, and not an object of charity. This can be done by giving the disabled soldiers such kinds of employment as will meet a recognized want in the community. A large proportion of gentlemen like to buy a newspaper when going down town in the morning, and when returning at night. Even if they have read one at home, they would willingly purchase another if a one-armed soldier offers it for sale. But nobody wants to buy "The Soldier's Friend" two or three times a day, and every day in the week. Yet it is persistently offered in the cars. Every one dislikes to decline it, even if they don't want it; then they query whether the soldier gets the money for himself, or whether it is merely a "publishing concern" that is the gainer; and, finally, many end the matter by returning the paper, but give the man some money, which reduces him to what we have no right to make him—a beggar. How much better it would be if the soldiers offered for sale something that people really wanted from day to day!

A young man recently called at the residence of a Brooklyn clergyman, saying that he had been sent by a well-known mechanic to measure the skylight, which needed some alteration. The servant-girl showed him the roof up stairs and then left him to proceed with his work. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes after he came down stairs and quietly took his departure. It was subsequently discovered that he had carried off certain trinkets, valued in all at $50. Housekeepers should take warning and servants have proper instructions given them.

During the late Agricultural fair in Springfield, Erie County, a number of people took refuge under a large shed during a thunder-storm. The lightning struck the shed and about one hundred persons were paralyzed in an instant, falling on their faces, and as many as fifty were rendered insensible for five or ten minutes, while a dozen were quite seriously burned.

A young lady in St. Louis was innocently placed in a rather embarrassing position not long since. It seems that a pretty little child, nicely arranged in a basket, had been laid on the door-step of a certain gentleman's house, and that a man was seen to place the basket there and then beat a hasty retreat. Attached to the basket was a card, with the name of a very respectable young lady on it. This fact was afterward explained by her stating that it was stolen from her while she was out shopping, and she had purchased it at a well-known store for the purpose of using it at a basket picnic.

An unwise man in a certain New England town has verified the old proverb, commencing, "There's many a slip." He had long waited upon a young lady and at last prevailed upon her to set the day for their marriage. On going to church to hear the "bans" announced what was his horror to hear another name given out in place of his own! On inquiring of the minister he found that the name announced was according to order, and rushing in dismay to his lady-love, she coolly told him that such was the fact; she had been informed that he had been boasting of his conquest, which did not accord with her idea of propriety, so she had altered her mind; but rather than be disappointed of becoming a bride, she had taken up with a fresh lover. He pleaded eloquently, but all in vain. She kept her word, and was married at the appointed time.

Some simple directions for making a gored skirt may prove useful to many. If the skirt is to be partially gored cut off seven widths of the material the length required, then gore four, which may be done by folding the material slanting, the narrow part for the top measuring about six inches; there should be one plain width in front, four gores on each side, and two plain widths behind—the slanting parts of the gores must be put together. A skirt fully gored is more difficult to cut, and it is desirable to have a pattern, if one is not accustomed to cutting.

An exchange has the following, which shows the morality of *some* lawyers:

> "Every one has heard of the bothered defendant, who, on being acquitted of the charge of stealing a quantity of pork, breathlessly asked his lawyer, 'What shall I do with the pork?' We hear of a lawyer who recently found himself in a bad predicament. He defended a culprit charged with the larceny of a watch, eloquently argued his client's entire innocence, but failed to convince the jury, who brought in a verdict of guilty. Thereupon the advocate turned to a policeman, and handing him a package, imploringly said, 'For Heaven's sake, take this stolen watch. I had it in my pocket when I addressed the jury, and it was as heavy as lead.'"

AN UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH.

Cable Dispatch, Paris Exposition, *July* 1, 1867.

Steinway & Sons, of New York, have been awarded by the Supreme Jury of the Exposition The First Gold Medal of Merit *for the highest degree of perfection in Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos, and the most valuable inventions, showing the greatest progress in the construction of Piano-Fortes, with the strongest indorsement of the* Supreme International Jury.

In addition to the above, Steinway & Sons have received the following cable dispatch:

"Paris, *July* 4.

"The great Societé des Beaux Arts, of Paris, have, after a careful examination of all the musical instruments exhibited at the Paris Exposition, awarded to Steinway & Sons, of New York, *their Grand Testimonial Medal, for greatest superiority and novelty of construction in Pianos.*"—*Daily Times.*

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
PARIS, 1867.

Highest premium for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines. Such is the tenor of the telegraphic dispatch from Paris. Although not surprising, it is gratifying, to find the common opinion here confirmed at an Exposition where Sewing Machines of every system and country, American and European, were represented and fully tested.

The number of entries was as follows: United States, 19; France, 25; England, 11; Belgium, 4; Switzerland, 2; German States, 6; Austria, 3; Denmark, 3; Italy, 4; Canada, 5: Total, 82.

We trust the world is now satisfied that the Wheeler & Wilson constitutes the perfection of sewing machinery.—*Dispatch.*

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A. MORTON.

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Carry with them the melancholy conviction to the possessor that she is fast declining toward the last term of existence, which is stated to be at three score and ten years. There will certainly be no difficulty in understanding the assertion, that a collection of organs that have been for thirty years concerned in the performances of the great offices of life, could not wholly cease from, and lay aside those operations without hazard, at least, or perhaps even fatal lesion of other and intimately related organs which remain. Physicians are often called upon by ladies at such times, making inquiries concerning complaints which they do not understand, and are as often hushed with the unsatisfactory reply that they are owing to the "change of life," and likely to cease whenever that change shall become complete. The apparatus of digestion stands at the very portals of existence, and consequently any threatened invasion of the health is more likely to fall upon this point than any other. The complex condition of circulation in the vessels of this great apparatus exposes them, particularly at the period of the change of life, to constant engorgement and obstruction, giving rise to disorders which are expressed under the terms: biliousness, indigestion, acidity, flatulency, diarrhœa, costiveness, etc. Such cases are met with every day, and numbers of sufferers have experienced speedy and permanent relief by the use of DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. These wonderful Pills are certain in their effect upon a diseased or torpid liver, rousing it up to normal action, and bringing the whole digestive apparatus to a state of perfect health.

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